

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
NEWS

No. 155.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE  
By Post 6½d.



MISS ELLA CHAPMAN, AS ANGELICA PERKINS, IN THE BURLESQUE OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."



RAILWAYS.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

SOUTH COUNTRY HUNT MEETING AT WEST DRAYTON.  
On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, FEB. 1 and 2, a SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class), will leave PADDINGTON for WEST DRAYTON at 12.10 p.m., returning after the Races.  
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J. GRIERSON, General Manager.  
Paddington Terminus.

ELTHAM STEEPLECHASES.

JANUARY 29th and 30th.  
SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.  
SPECIAL TRAINS (1st and 3rd class) to ELTHAM, at Ordinary Fares.  
FROM A.M. A.M. A.M.  
Charing Cross ... at 11.10 ... 11.25 ... 11.50  
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Returning as soon after the Races as possible.  
Tickets available for the day of issue only, and by the Special Trains.  
JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

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route to India. Fortnightly sailings.—First-class steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewardesses carried.  
From Glasgow. From Liverpool.  
TRINACRIA ..... Saturday, Jan. 27 ..... Saturday, February 3.  
TUSCANY ..... Saturday, Feb. 10 ..... Saturday, February 17.  
EUROPA ..... Saturday, Feb. 24 ..... Saturday, March 3.  
BARBARY ..... Saturday, Mar. 10 ..... Saturday, March 17.  
INDIA ..... Saturday, Mar. 24 ..... Saturday, March 31.  
MACEDONIA ..... Saturday, April 7 ..... Saturday, April 14.  
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REAL ICE SKATING AT  
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379, KING'S-ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.  
The large Rink now completed and permanently frozen over, is open for Skaters.  
Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to the Secretary,  
April 25, 1876. HARRINGTON E. O'REILLY.

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REAL ICE SKATING RINK,  
RUSHOLME.  
ADMISSION—TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

HOURS—ELEVEN TO ONE, THREE TO FIVE, AND SEVEN-THIRTY TO TEN.  
Visitors can use their own Skates (which must be rounded at the heel), but Skates will be provided at 3d. per pair.

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HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,  
AND IS  
UNEQUALLED FOR UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

CLEVELAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.  
A PRIZE of £200 in money will be offered at the SECOND ANNUAL SHOW of ENTIRE THOROUGHbred HORSES, to be held at Guisbro', on Tuesday, the 6th February next.  
Entries close Tuesday, January 30, 1877.  
For conditions and forms of entry apply to  
T. GIBBORNE FAWCETT, Secretary,  
Stockton-on-Tees.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY, the 29th inst.—R. F. McNAIR, Sec.  
After Monday, is open daily from 10 till 6. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are open daily (except Sunday). Admission 1s., on Monday 6d., children always 6d. Among the most recent additions are two Esquimaux Dogs from Whale Sound, presented by Captain Allen Young, of the Pandora.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—

THIS EVENING, The Grand Pantomime ROBINSON CRUSOE, with Magnificent Scenery and Transformation by Mr. W. Telbin. The most Powerful Company ever collected. Children and Schools Half-price to DAY PERFORMANCES, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS at 2, on payment at the doors. Box Office open Daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Every Evening, THE FORTY THIEVES. The Vokes Family. Première Danseuse, Midlle Bossi; Double Harlequinade; Clowns, C. Lauri and F. Evans; Harlequina à la Watteau, Miss Amy Rosalind. Preceded by HIDE AND SEEK. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Doors open at 1.30; commence at 2. Children and Schools admitted at half-price to all parts of the theatre, upper gallery excepted.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—

On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills: Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunet, Miss and Master Cootie. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

Every Evening, at 7, GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME. At 8, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Emery, W. Terriss, Brittain Wright, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, and Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeith, Taylor, C. Nott, E. Phillips, &c. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, Every Morning until further notice.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—TOOLE in 3 Pieces. AT THE WEAVERS. 8.45. ROBERT MACAIRE. 9.45. Burlesque WILLIAM TELL, Open 7. Farce 7.10. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Afternoon Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, (see Daily Papers).

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.  
Every Evening, till further notice, at 7.30, C. M. Rae's Comedy, FOLLOW THE LEADER. Miss Lafontaine, Miss Irwin, and Mr. Herbert. After which at 8.30, will be revived Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Mythological Comedy PYGMALION AND GALATEA. Cynisca, Miss Henrietta Hodson; Galatea, Miss Marion Terry; Myrene, Miss Maria Harris; Daphne, Miss Chippendale; Pygmalion, Mr. Charles Harcourt; Chryso, Mr. Buckstone; and Leucippe, Mr. Howe. Concluding with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—SHAKSPEARE'S

KING RICHARD III.  
On Monday, and every evening till further notice, KING RICHARD III. Richard Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Henry Irving; Queen Margaret, Miss Bateman; Messrs. Swinburne, Brooke, Meade, Huntley, W. Bentley, Carton, Beaumont, Pinero, Lyons, &c.; Miss Pauncefort, Mrs. Huntley, and Miss Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven; Music by K. Stoepel. Preceded at 7.0 by MATRIMONY. Mr. Brooke and Miss Virginia Francis. MORNING PERFORMANCE on Saturday next of FAZIO (last time). Bianca, Miss Bateman.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—THE DANISCHEFFS. Unanimously pronounced by the Press and Public the great Success of the Season, and owing to the enthusiastic applause nightly bestowed upon the general acting of THE DANISCHEFFS, it will be repeated every evening until further notice. On Monday, and during the week, at 8.15, will be presented in Four Acts, THE DANISCHEFFS—Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin; Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Warner, Mr. C. Cooper, Mr. W. H. Macklin, Mr. Sandford, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Barry, Mr. Winstanley, &c.; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Edith Challis, Miss Lavis, Miss Wilmore, and Mrs. John Wood. Preceded by, at 7.30, a Laughable Farce.—Box office open from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.  
ROBINSON CRUSOE.  
MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and her unapproachable Company. On Monday, and every Evening, at 7.30, the Comedy, in Two Acts, of CHECK-MATE. At 8.40, the Celebrated Burlesque of ROBINSON CRUSOE, supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Willie Edouin, and the Entire Company. Morning Performances of ROBINSON CRUSOE, this day (Saturday), Saturday next, Feb. 3rd. Doors open at 2, commence at 2.30. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.  
LAST NIGHTS OF HOT WATER.  
Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and a Most Powerful Company. Every Evening, at 7.30, DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM, by J. Mortimer. At 8.45, HOT WATER. Charles Wyndham, J. Clarke, E. Righton, H. Standing, H. Ashley, Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Eastlake, Bruce, Davis, Holme, and Fanny Josephs.—Seats can be secured two weeks in advance. ON BALL, a comedy in three acts, by W. S. Gilbert, will be produced on Saturday, 3rd February.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, MR. EDGAR

BRUCE.—Last Nights of HUNTED DOWN.  
Unanimous and unequalled Praise of the entire London Press on the Revival of Mr. J. R. Planché's Fairy Extravaganza, THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.  
MISS JENNIE LEE, as PRINCE LEANDER.  
Boucicault's Drama, HUNTED DOWN, at 7. INVISIBLE PRINCE, at 9. Miss Jennie Lee, Mesdames Louise Willes, Rachel Sanger, Boverley, Vining, Howard, Steele and D. Drummond. Messrs. George Barrett, Beveridge, Edwards, and Edgar Bruce. Book your seats early. Box office open from 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.—Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

SQUABBLES, a Comedy in Two Acts, by S.

Coyne, on MONDAY NEXT, in which Mesdames Rachel Sanger, Nellie Harris, Murielle and D. Drummond, Messrs. Geo. Barrett, Edwards, Balfour, and Beveridge will appear. INVISIBLE PRINCE, with Miss Jennie Lee at 9.—GLOBE THEATRE.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ersser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. John Huy. This day, SATURDAY, MORNING PERFORMANCE.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. John

S. Clarke, every Evening. On Saturday, and until further notice, commence at 7, with KEEP YOUR TEMPER. Followed by AMONG THE BREAKERS. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Messrs. Grahame, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Venne, Brunell, &c. After which, TODDLES. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Miss Turner. Conclude with THE LYING DUTCHMAN. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Taylor; Mesdames Venne, Williams, &c.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous Success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestock, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee.—QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT. Re-appearance in London of MISS ADA CAVENDISH in a New and Picturesque Comedy Drama called "THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT." Mr. Henry Neville as George Darlington. Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. F. Flockton, Miss Dubois and Miss Gerard. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at 7, by CRAZED.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—ORPHEE AUX

ENFERS.—Miss Kate Santley as Eurydice.—Triumphant success of Offenbach's chef d'œuvre.—Every evening at 9.0. Miss Kate Santley's great song, "Awfully Awful," at 10.0. At 8.0 the successful new and original musical pastoral, HAPPY HAMPSHIRE, by Frank Desprez and Mark Lynde. View of Hampstead Heath painted by Mr. Bruce Smith. Messrs. Stoyle, Hallam, Kelleher, and W. H. Fisher; Mesdames Rose Cullen, Ella Collins, and a brilliant company. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—

SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.—Dancing in the New Hall.  
NOTICE.—A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME will take place every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 1.30 o'clock. Every evening, at 7.15 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry, entitled GILKIM GOBLIN; or, HARLEQUIN OCTOPIUS, the DEVIL FISH and the FAIRIES of the FLOWERY DELL. Supported by Mr. Geo. Conquest, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Geo. Conquest, jun., Henry Nicholls, Vincent; Mdlles. Du Maurier, Victor, Denzil, Inch, Sisters Claremont, &c. A Wondrous Fight Scene, by Mr. George Conquest and Son, introducing new Jumps, Leaps, Dives, &c. To be followed by the Harlequinade. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE, Westminster Bridge Road.  
TWO PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME DAILY, at 2 and 7 o'clock respectively.  
Scene Four is entitled "The Palace of the Queen of Nations." THE GRAND CONFERENCE, in which Representatives of all Her Majesty's Dominions will present themselves, together with "Horses and Animals from all explored parts of the World." The Messrs. Sanger consider themselves fully justified in challenging the entire profession to produce the novelty and magnificence displayed in this "Great Scene."—Prices: Private Boxes, from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Balcony Dress Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Box-office now open, from 10 till 4. All cheques and money orders should be made payable to Mr. C. E. Stuart.

SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE, DAILY, at Two o'clock.—The Great Equestrian Company and the BEST PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED. Prices as above. Secretary, Mr. Sidney Cooper. Stage Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand. Free List entirely suspended.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate. The New and Magnificent Pantomime of OPEN SESAME; or, HARLEQUIN THE FORTY ROBBERS OF THE MAGIC CAVE. New Grand Pantomime Every Evening at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30, to which Children under 10 half-price. Box-office open 11 till 4. No Charge for Booking.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, the GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, called TURLUTUTU; or, THE THREE ENCHANTED HATS. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall, Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Fox, Drayton, Reeve, Rhoyds, Pitt, Hyde. Mdlles. Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Mdlles. Fanny and Rosina Lupino. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with CHLOEIS. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Jackson, Parry. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford Circus.—Easily accessible from all parts of London by Metropolitan Railway and omnibuses. All entrances are most commodious. Visitors having to ascend only four steps to any part of the building, thus making it most convenient for ladies and children. Every day at 2.30, and every evening at 7.30, the beautiful and highly trained stud of performing horses and ponies. Startling and extraordinary feats of equestrianism and gymnasia. "Little Sandy" the drollest of the droll, and Le Quips the grotesque at every performance. The popular and magnificent juvenile spectacle, CINDERELLA, pronounced by all to be the most charming scene ever presented.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford-circus. The most delightful entertainment in London. Extraordinary achievements by the renowned troupe of artistes. The entrancing spectacle of CINDERELLA, performed by 60 juveniles, every day and every evening at 2.30 and 7.30. Prices 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Private boxes, containing six chairs, £1 10s. Children, under 10, half-price. Box-office open daily from 10 till 4. In consequence of the great demand, Mr. Hengler respectfully urges the advisability of intending visitors booking seats in advance. Box-office orders and cheques to be made payable to Mr. Charles Hengler.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF "OUR DOLL'S HOUSE."

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, MATCHED AND MATED. By F. C. Burnand, Music by German Reed. After which, SPRING'S DELIGHT, a new musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, and OUR DOLL'S HOUSE, a Fairy Vision in One Peep, by W. Wye; Music by Cotsford Dick. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Millie Holland, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alford Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday morning at 3. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

PRINCE'S.—MANCHESTER.

Every Evening, at Seven, a Grand Oriental Fairy Pantomime and Spectacle, entitled  
S I N D B A D.  
Arranged and produced under the personal direction of  
H. B. FARNIE.

The Costumes specially designed for this production by the most eminent Parisian Artistes—the grotesque dresses by DRANKER, the celebrated caricaturist; the grand ballets and fanciful costumes by MARRE, designer to the Grand Opera of Paris. The execution of the costumes has been entrusted to the great French house of DELPHINE BARON ET CIE. (costumiers to the Opéra Comique, Porte St. Martin, &c.), to AUGUSTE & CO., and Miss FISHER, of London. The Armour, Jewels, &c., by GRANGER, of Paris, and KENNEDY, of Birmingham. The new and elaborate Scenery by Mr. F. HAWLEY. The Dissolving and Chromatic light effects by the eminent Manchester optician Mr. J. B. DANCE; the slides from the studio of the celebrated artist, Chevalier LAFOSSE. The vocal and instrumental music, selected from the most recent works of Offenbach, Hervé, Lecocq, Strauss, O. Barri, Debillemont, as well as the current English repertoire, by Mr. F. STANISLAUS.

Characters by Mesdames Fanchita, Alice Cook, Marie Williams, M. Lucette, Julia Bullen, E. Toms, Nellie Kennedy, Kathleen Corri, &c. Messrs. J. Rouse, A. Brenner, G. Shelton, J. Canfield, H. Booker, W. Langley, J. W. Lawrence, George Lewis, J. H. Kiley, &c.

Première Danseuses:  
Mdlle. MARIE VALAIN  
(Of the Grand Operas of Vienna and Berlin), and  
Mdlle. PIA SCOTTI  
(Of the Grand Operas of Milan, Brussels, &c.).  
Grotesque Cotillon by  
THE BOUNDERS OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Clown ..... Mr. GEORGE (Jolly Little) LEWIS.  
Harlequin ..... Mr. WILL LANGLEY.  
Pantaloone ..... Mr. J. W. LAWRENCE.  
Columbine ..... Miss L. MANLOND.

MAJOR BURK, THE CHAMPION AMERICAN DRILLIST.  
G. LEVANTINE, THE AMERICAN WONDER.  
RUSSIAN SKATERS,  
Messrs. FRENCH and HARRIS, and Mdlle. ROSE.  
Circle and Stalls, 5s. Box-office open from 11 to 3.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, The Sultan of Turkey, Earl of Derby. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities, and the late Cardinal Antonelli. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY (the Largest in London), New Bond-street, will Open in APRIL NEXT, for the Exhibition of PICTURES by Eminent Artists. Admission, One Shilling.



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ON SATURDAY, the 11th of February, will be commenced  
a series of

PORTRAITS of ARISTOCRATIC LADY AMATEURS.

No. I.

THE HON. LADY SEBRIGHT,  
as "LADY GAY SPANKER."

The letterpress by LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

## NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

will contain, amongst other Illustrations, a Portrait of  
MISS CLARA JECKS.

A SCOTCH MEET (Drawn by J. STURGESS.)

MARGATE POULTRY AND BIRD SHOW.

FIVE FAVORITES OF THE PROVINCIAL STAGE.

CLERKS OF THE COURSE II.—MR. FORD.

THE CAPTIOUS CRITIC AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

HUMOURS OF AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

A WRESTLING BOUT IN THE ALPS.

"ON THE WATCH," &c.

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"YOU REALLY MUST."

Amongst the Illustrations of this specially attractive Number will be  
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after Sir Edwin Landseer; "A Glimpse of Auld Lang Syne," by Fred.  
Barnard; "Twelfth Night Revels," by Moya Smith; "Tradesmen's Ath-  
letic Sports," by Matt. Stretch; "A Moonlight Steeplechase," by J.  
Sturges; "Largesse!" by Dower Wilson; "Escape from the Jaws of  
Death," by C. O. Murray; "The Home of the Elves," by Gustave Dore;  
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## MISS HEATH'S PROVINCIAL TOUR,

Accompanied by Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY,

suspended during Miss Heath's Engagement at the

PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON.

The Company (re-arranged) will travel with

"THE SHAUGHRAUN,"

and appear at

GAIETY THEATRE, WEST HARTLEPOOL, Six Nights.

All letters to be addressed to Mr. Wilson Barrett,

Princess's Theatre, London.

Agent, Mr. LEE ANDERSON. Acting Manager, Mr. MORRIS ARONS.

A CORRECT impression prevails among the

public that silks are generally dearer, and that they cannot now be  
bought at former prices; but this idea will be removed, as far as Messrs.  
JAY'S transactions are concerned, by an inspection and comparison of the  
undiminished BLACK SILKS, which are:—

3s. 6d. per yard, worth 5s. 3d.

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JAY'S, Regent-street.

HOW to DRESS WELL on a SHILLING a

DAY. BY SYLVIA.

"For mourning the Janus Cord, wide width, sold by Messrs. JAY,  
Regent-street, at 3s. 6d. per yard, may be recommended."

IMPROVED JANUS CORD, both sides alike.  
13 guinea full dress length. Manufactured specially for Messrs. JAY,  
and recommended by them as the best, the cheapest, and the most durable  
material at the price, for mourning. Janus Cord makes up remarkably well  
and ladies who at this season of the year wear black from choice will find it  
an excellent wearing dress.

JAY'S,

The London General Mourning Warehouse, Regent-street, W.

\* \* \* Want of space prevents the insertion of our Reviews of New Books,  
Letters to the Editor, "Hunting a Substitute," etc.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1877.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

JUDGING from sparse etymology, eccentric syntax, and a few other characteristic substitutes for style, we should be disposed to assign all those articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, which treat of natural history in general, and of Mr. Bartlett and the sea-serpent in particular, to one master-hand. Were it not for such liability to error as he seems to hold in common with humanity, this great creature must ere now have shut up the London Zoological Society's Gardens; for nothing ever happens in connection with that agreeable lounge, but he manages to demonstrate, evidently to his own entire satisfaction, that the event, whatever it may be, is only one more instance of tyranny, corruption, ignorance, folly, neglect, injustice, and incurable depravity on the part of Mr. Sclater and his unscrupulous minions. If an overweening partiality to rum and milk gets an under-keeper into trouble, and that under-keeper has to pack up his traps and depart, one of these curious exertions of English composition is sure to ornament the leading columns of a journal which is not, as a rule, ungrammatical, whatever else may be said of it by envious detractors. Poor Lecomte, late "keeper of the seals" at the Zoo, falls sick and dies. Here is an opportunity too good to be missed by the Buffon of the *Daily Telegraph*. Having read up all about seals, from Guy's Pinnock's Catechism of Zoology, till he feels himself another Pinnock, if not another Guy, he roars out his wisdom and his spleen in an article every material assertion in which is calmly and tersely met with a direct negative, by Mr. Sclater, next day. Lecomte did not die of bronchitis, but of a malignant tumour, which had troubled him for five months; he was not neglected by the Society, unless neglecting a man means continuing his pay up to the time of his death, providing him with full medical attendance, and giving £50 to his widow as soon as he is dead; a former servant of the Zoo, whose name is dragged into the question, without having anything to do with it, was not dismissed, but resigned his situation; and in short there is a general contradiction of facts, as they are rhetorically arrayed in the leading article on the London Zoological Society's seals and system.

It is sad to learn that Miss Florence Terry, who plays Dorothy in Mr. Gilbert's *Dan'l Druce* almost if not quite as charmingly as did her sister Marion—we repeat, it is sad to learn that she is "going to the country" in March next, provided with a *claque* of unequalled magnitude and untiring energy. The name of that *claque* (one has heard of it before in connection with the Terrys) is the Paying British Public.

"MR. FRANK E. THICKE will be happy to shew his Design for the proposed City of Health about to be erected at Courtlands, near Worthing any morning between *Eleven and Three*." After that is it necessary to repeat the remark that this is an age of progress?

THERE must come a time we suppose when admirers of Miss Jennie Lee will tire of seeing her powerful impersonation of *Jo* in the somewhat disjointed drama of that name. To the question which will then arise—what next? would not a complete answer be found in "Grif"? Mr. Farjeon might have written his ruggedly picturesque story with a view to its dramatization for Miss Lee's especial behoof, so admirably suited is the character of the hero to her pathetic vein. Mr. Farjeon, if he has not already done it, ought to dramatize his novel.

WE clip the following evidence of a pushing tradesman's praiseworthy desire to make the best of both worlds, from the *Boston Guardian*:—"NOTICE.—MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE.—Prime Pork at 7d. to 8d. per lb. may be had at J. Clarke's, No. 9, George-street, Boston, until further notice.—*Adv.*"

THE *Saturday Review* thus sums up "The Two Destinies," a romance by Wilkie Collins. "This is an amazingly silly book. Indeed it is almost silly enough to be amusing through its very absurdity. It records, if we have counted rightly, three attempts at suicide, two plots to murder, one case of bigamy, two bankruptcies, one sanguinary attack by Indians, three visions, numberless dreams, and one shipwreck." It is to be hoped that the author is sufficiently grateful to his *Reviewer*.

MADLLE, FANCHITA continues to charm the playgoers of Manchester by her performance of Sindbad, at the Prince's Theatre, in that city. The opinion of the *Free Lance*, expressed some time since about her "great *chic* and spirit," cordial as the following expression of opinion is—we are still quoting from the *Free Lance*—we endorse it with very great pleasure:—"and the chances of her becoming a permanent favourite have been realised. Gifted as she is with an exceedingly incisive and piquant manner, a pleasing voice, expressive face, and elegant figure, this young lady cannot fail to please, whether she appears in the male habiliments of the young mariner, or disguised in the becoming skirts and mantilla of the Spanish senorita." Madlle. Fanchita is a vocalist and actress who, in the interests of art, ought not to be allowed to absent herself for long together from the London stage.

MR. BANKS, one of the lights of the Labourers' Union, has been addressing "a large and enthusiastic meeting of labourers at," a place called "Gayton Corner." The reporter who chronicles the event adds, "although the

meeting was held at a public house, we are glad to state that not a drop of liquor or a pipe of tobacco was consumed the whole time. The meeting lasted nearly two hours." If the reporter was glad, how did the landlord feel?

A CERTAIN straight-walking Lincolnshire Wesleyan and the Rev. H. Lefroy Baker, M.A., Rector of Miningsby, are having it out in one of the county journals in a manner highly significant of the pleasing amity which prevails in rural districts amongst adherents of the Establishment and Dissenters. The reverend gentleman writes:—"Your correspondent states, 'another clerical gentleman, it is said, has expressed himself as hoping to see the new Wesleyan Chapel (?) at Miningsby in flames.' If I am the clergyman alluded to, as I like calling a spade a spade, I shall simply say this statement is a *lie* in all its parts. I heartily desire dissenters could be brought to see the *sin* and *danger* of living in a state of separation from that portion of the Catholic Church at present established in this country; but so long as they continue of the number of those 'who separate themselves,' I should be the last man to wish them to be deprived of their meeting-houses." This is a highly charitable sentiment, alike creditable to the head and heart of the Rector of Miningsby, and consolatory to the proprietors of the meeting-houses which adorn his neighbourhood.

If Miss Marion Terry were a member of the Beefsteak Club, they would not do it, perhaps; but their difference of opinion is remarkable, from whatever point of view it is regarded. We refer, of course, to the opposite opinions of Miss Terry's *Galatea* which are expressed by the *Morning Post* and *Daily Telegraph* critics. According to the *Post*:—

"Acting at once so refined and so impassioned as that of Miss Marion Terry as *Galatea* deserves particular praise. Apart from the intellectual enjoyment it affords through the revelation of a fine ideal wrought out with skill, taste, and spirit, it furnishes a two-fold physical pleasure—that of listening to it and that of looking at it—for Miss Marion Terry is gifted with mellifluous accents which fall melodiously upon the ear, while her natural grace of action yields equal satisfaction to the eye. Her voice, of silvery sweetness and full of sympathetic tones, is modulated to the delicate discrimination of the lights and shadows of meaning. To these musical utterances, which lend such a charm to the text, her gestures and attitudes give picturesque illustration, so that her whole performance, instinct as it is with poetic sentiment, and fraught with grace and sensibility, wins its way resistlessly to the hearts of her audience. The fanciful notion of a statue gradually kindling and gladdening into life exacts for the realisation of it peculiar powers of execution; and it is the actress's special triumph that she represents it with a touch of nature which beguiles the imagination of the spectators, and for the moment seems to bring a classical conceit within the bounds of possibility. With the new-born sensations of joy and wonder thrilling through the creature of the sculptor's chisel, when she has first been endued with veritable existence, her subsequent sad experiences of human destiny are tragically contrasted, and the plaintive tenderness of her farewell, when, disenchanted with life, she is about to be changed back again from flesh to stone, gives both pathetic beauty and didactic force to the closing scene."

The *Telegraph*—well, for once, the *D. T.* declines to gush, as witness the following:—

"Many scenes in the play Miss Marion Terry rendered to perfection. These were, of course, those in which unruffled innocence and unconscious calm are so essential. Her singularly placid features never relax, though the audience is uproariously in merriment over some innocent remark. She constantly possesses on her face an air of supreme repose, and movements and attitudes alike are singularly graceful. But this is only a third of what goes to make up the true *Galatea*. Where is the full glow of her absorbing love for Pygmalion; where the intensity of her new nature as she describes with fervour the joy of life or the sorrow occasioned by the sinking of the beautiful day? Alas! we look for them in vain."

"Who shall decide," &c. Why, the public—as they have done in the matter of *Robinson Crusoe* at the Folly.

THE authors of the "Queen of Connaught" are so obliging. In a letter which they have written to the *Daily Telegraph* they say:—"In producing a play for English audiences, long saturated with the blarney of popular dramatists, we had to concede a little—not much—to popular prejudice, and to put a few commonplace witticisms into the mouths of the characters." Pray don't mention it, Messieurs. The concession was great, but we hope we know how to be grateful. "Commonplace witticisms!" Uncommonplace witticisms being equally at the command of the authors of the "Queen of Connaught," one can never sufficiently appreciate the merciful consideration of the two giant wits who tenderly withheld their most trenchant strokes, knowing that no prejudiced audience could have withstood such lightning and lived. Speaking from an elevation upon which few but the authors of the "Queen of Connaught," would dare to perch, these magnanimous gentlemen exclaim—"Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen, pray keep your seats, there is no danger. We might be overwhelmingly funny, but in charity we refrain. You shall not laugh too much. We have kept back the good things we might have said. In fact we have merely put a few commonplace witticisms into the mouths of the characters and—we assure you there is no danger." For which relief much thanks.

MR. W. H. MORRISH, a Bristol entrepreneur, is shocked to learn that the Wesleyans of Tinubu-square, Lagos, are not moral advertisers. He finds from a bill announcing a concert at Tinubu-square, in aid of the Wesleyan Building Fund, that Jolly Nash, Leybourne, Madame Leigh, Sims Reeves, and Santley, were amongst the anticipated leading attractions of the entertainment. Now, inasmuch as Mr. W. H. Morrish was on the date mentioned in the bill Mr. Jolly Nash's manager, he fails to see how the magnificent creature could be delighting the Wesleyans of West Africa and the aristocracy of "Bristol City" at one and the same time. "Shade of John Wesley!" exclaims Mr. Morrish with righteous indignation, "what dodges will not these people resort to to get money!" Whereupon echo answers, "What, indeed!"



## MRS. S. LANE.

THERE are very few ladies on the London stage, major or minor, who have enjoyed so lengthy a career of popularity as has fallen to the lot of the lady whose portrait appears on the present page. Mrs. S. Lane was born in Clerkenwell on the 22nd of September, 1830, and commenced her theatrical career before she was sixteen years of age. She made her debut at the Bedford Saloon in Camden Town in—curious to say—an old woman's part, and received so flattering a reception that her determination to adopt the stage as a profession was at once confirmed. Her progress was singularly rapid. She threw her entire energies into the work before her, and, encouraged by her father, Mr. Wilton, who was an actor, and one of the most kindly and gentlemanly men we ever had the pleasure of knowing, soon achieved a large share of that popularity which she has ever since retained and increased. Kate O'Brien in *Perfection*, and Blanche in the *Iron Chest*, were the characters in which she made her earliest "hits." After a short stay at Camden Town, she was engaged by Mr. Lane for what is now known as the Britannia Theatre, then a small tavern saloon fast achieving histrionic repute. There she made her name, displaying a degree of excellence and versatility as an actress which soon gave her high rank amongst the East-end playgoers, who hailed her with rapturous delight.

Often as a youth did we witness the wild outburst of applause for which her first appearance was the signal; and not many weeks ago as a middle-aged man, owning "no end" of little folks, we sat in a box of that densely crowded and huge theatre to witness precisely the same thing. As a matter of fact, all through the intervening years that applause has almost nightly hailed the entrance of Mrs. Sara Lane upon the boards of which she has so long been proprietress. It was not many months after her appearance at the Britannia as Miss Wilton that she became Mrs. Lane; and a very charming and youthful-looking bride she must have been. From that time to the present Mrs. Lane has played at the Britannia Theatre only, winning ever-growing laurels from her vast armies of rude but sincere playgoing admirers; and deserving most fully that love and respect which have been won in private life by her courtesy, kindness, and genial disposition.—W.



MRS. S. LANE.

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO KIMBOLTON.

A CAPITAL day's sport was obtained with the Hon. C. Fitzwilliam's hounds on Thursday. The Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Manchester, and the majority of the Castle party were mounted. The Princess of Wales drove her own ponies, being accompanied by the Countess of Westmoreland. Leighton

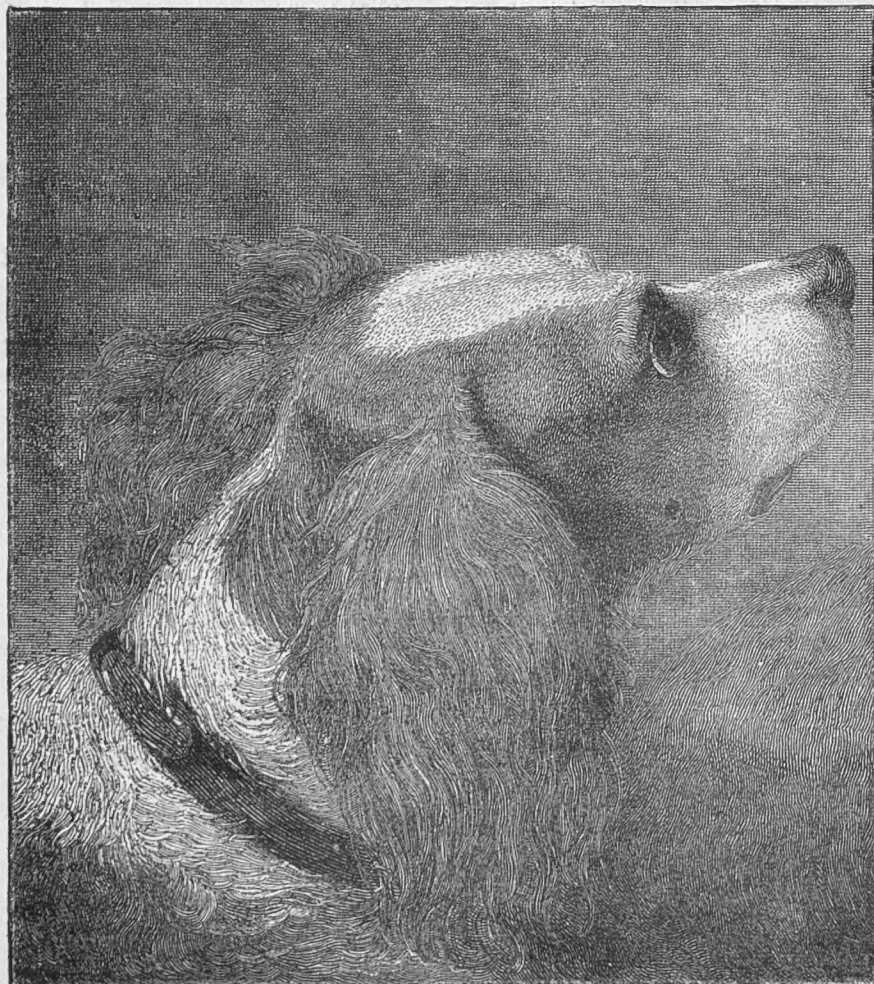
Gorse, strange to say, was drawn blank, but a fox being found at Hunt's Closes, a capital run was obtained to Catworth village. Mr. Fitzwilliam had his hounds taken to Mariner's Gorse, where another fox was found, which was run towards Bannvill Wold with an indifferent scent. The rain came down with such pitiless persistency that some of the royal and distinguished guests returned to the Castle at an early hour.

The meet with the Cambridgeshire, on Friday, was perhaps the most brilliant of the three that have come off, and will bear very favourable comparison with the two days had with the famed Oakley and Fitzwilliam hunts. Gaynes Hall, the seat of Captain Duberley, where the meet was on Friday, is at the extreme end of the county. The morning was fine, and the field a very large one. The Cambridge division had chartered a special train to Huntingdon. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Miss Knollys, drove her own pony carriage. The Royal party arrived at the meet soon after twelve, and there was a distinguished gathering. Soon after the hounds were taken to Perry West Wood, where they quickly found a fox; he started in an easterly direction, past Gaynes Hall, and on to Diddington, and then changing north-westerly ran for Grafton, crossing the Cambridge and Kettering line. Leaving the village to the right, he continued his career, the hounds hunting him well; the field was well up, foremost being his Royal Highness. Pointing for Ellington Gorse, the fox turned to the left, by Barham Village, and reached Buckworth Wood, where he was lost. Eventually another was started, making the running to Barham Village, and thence by Buckworth, and on in a line towards Solem Wood, but before the hounds had made much headway reynard proved himself too clever, and ran to cover. The run from the beginning to the end was a very good one.

WHILE out with the Beaufort hounds on Tuesday, Mr.

Henry Adams, corn merchant, was thrown from his horse and kicked, his collar-bone being splintered.

WE regret to announce the death of Mrs. Montague Williams, who was a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Keeley, the author and actor, and previous to her marriage she attained a celebrity on the stage.



"GIVE US A BIT."



"THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING."





A DANCING LESSON—(BY DU MAURIER).



## THE DRAMA.

THE only important dramatic events of the week have been the revival of Mr. C. M. Rae's comedieta, *Follow my Leader*, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert's mythological comedy, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, both at the Haymarket, on Saturday night, in lieu of *Dan'l Druce*, withdrawn on the previous evening; and of Dean Milman's poetic tragedy, *Fazio*, at the Lyceum.

GAIEETY.—Mr. Hollingshead is steadily continuing his revival of Mr. Byron's pieces. At last Saturday's matinee, *Dearer than Life* was reproduced, Mr. Toole sustaining his original part of the hero, and also appearing as John Grumley, in *Domestic Economy*. At the Wednesday afternoon Miss Farren appeared in her original rôle in Mr. Byron's *Pampered Menials*, first produced at the Charing Cross Theatre, when temporarily under the direction of Mr. Hollingshead, and as the hero in the burlesque of *Young Rip Van Winkle*. The nightly programme here remains the same as last week, comprising *The Spitalfields Weaver*, *Robert Macaire*, and the burlesque, *William Tell Told Again*, with Mr. Toole in the leading character in each. *Dearer than Life* will be repeated at the matinee to-day, in conjunction with *The Steeplechase*.

LYCEUM.—Dean Milman's highly poetic but gloomy tragedy *Fazio*, or *the Italian Wife*, was revived here at the morning performance on Saturday last for the purpose of Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) again appearing as the heroine, Bianca, an impersonation in which she made a profound impression some years ago at the Adelphi, and which next to *Leah* is her most successful dramatic assumption. The tragedy, in which Miss Bateman is fairly supported by Mr. Brooke as Fazio, Miss Pouncefort as Abdabella, Bianca's rival in the affection of her husband, Fazio, and Mr. Beaumont as the Duke. *Fazio* has been repeated each night during the week, and will again be represented this afternoon, but there will be no performance to-night, in consequence of the preparation for the production on Monday evening of *Richard III.*, in which Mr. Henry Irving will essay the part of Richard, and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) that of Margaret of Anjou.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—*Peril*, which is nightly drawing crowded houses to this favourite theatre, was represented for the first time at a morning performance on Saturday last, and the demand for places was so great that another performance is announced for next Saturday. This successful play reached its hundredth consecutive representation on Wednesday night, and is certain to continue its run to the end of the season.

ST. JAMES'S.—*The Danischeffs* is an undoubted success, here, and deservedly so, for it is a play intrinsically good and well constructed. Moreover entirely free from the illicit intrigues and matrimonial backslidings which form the leading elements of most modern French pieces. Depicting Russian social life and customs as they existed previously to the abolition of serfdom, the story is simply, apart from some minor incidental complications, one of strong domestic interest, and turns on the love of a young Russian nobleman, the Count Vladimir Danischeff, for Anna, a serf of his mother's; the unscrupulous treachery of his proud mother, the Countess Danischeff, who, to prevent the impending mesalliance, induces her son to rejoin his regiment at the capital, and the moment he has departed compels her coachman, Osip, another of her serfs, to marry Anna; and the devotion and abnegation of Osip, who, although he has long secretly loved his fellow serf, after he has been compulsorily married to her, treats the object of his young master's love only as a sister, and restores her inviolate to the young count on his return, as Claude Melnotte did Pauline Deschappelles to her parents on relenting of his base deception. Osip completes his self-sacrifice by entering the church, which by the laws of Russia involved divorce of marriage ties, and Count Vladimir is thus free to make Anna his countess. Besides the interesting nature of this story, merely sketched in outline, there are other elements of success in this play, in the strongly dramatic and forcible situations, with which the incidents are adroitly contrived, in carrying on the plot, and in the admirable manner in which the leading characters are interpreted, especially by Miss Lydia Foote, who as the girl serf, Anna, has a part peculiarly suited to her power of portraying repressed emotion and intensity of pathos; by Mr. Clayton, whose self sacrifice as Osip is similar to that he so effectively represented recently in *All For Her*, and by Miss Fanny Addison as the Countess Danischeff. Two other incidental characters, Roger de Taldi, a polished and witty young French attaché, and a dashing Russian Princess, Lydia Valanoff, find clever and bright exponents in Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mrs. John Wood. In the adaptation for the English stage, generally attributed to Lord Newry, two errors have been made which are injurious—the first is the retention of the whole of the political allusions allotted to the lively attaché, De Taldi, which smart, polished, and witty as they mostly are, and appropriate in the original, in the English version lose their significance and become wearisome, notwithstanding Mr. Hermann Vezin's well known elocutionary skill in giving them full point and emphasis; and the other and more serious fault was in the alteration in the third act, which was made to take place in the château of the Danischeffs instead of at the cottage of Osip. This, however, has now been rectified. The action of the third act now takes place at Osip's cottage, as in the original, and is far more consistent, as well as a great improvement. Vladimir on his return, to avenge himself on Osip's supposed baseness, finds Anna in the latter's home rather than still an inmate of his mother's château, as represented on the opening night.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—At the German Reed's entertainment, on Wednesday night, Mr. Corney Grain introduced another new musical sketch, entitled, *Spring's Delights*, which replaces his amusing *Table D'Hôte*. Although not so polished as his previous sketches, which indeed in form and manner it resembles so closely as to be little more than a repetition of some of them with slight variations, *Spring's Delights* affords plenty of scope for Mr. Corney Grain's versatile faculty of imitation and his wonderful power over the piano. After some smart sarcasms at the supposed delights of spring time, and the re-welcomed sun whose brightness only makes more visible half-concealed or ignored defects, Mr. Grain humorously depicts negative delights of springtime when the workpeople take possession of the house to effect necessary repairs or decorations. Every thing is turned upside down, the bell pulls and wires are all pulled down or rendered useless. Carpets up, dust, paint, varnish abound. The workmen are always knocking off for a little, or always going to dinner, and there are presented the individual characteristics of some eccentricities among the workmen. The painter is musical, and eternally warbles the popular sentimental or comic songs of the day. The grainer, who despises all naturally ornamented wood, is given to recitations, and histrionic displays. These and other types of British workmen "in possession" are amusingly portrayed, with musical accompaniments and illustrations by the versatile entertainer, during a merry half-hour which agreeably fills up the interval between Mr. Burnand's *Matched and Mated* and the fairy vision entitled *Our Doll's House*, which form the present programme.

ROYALTY.—The part of Orpheus in *Orphée aux Enfers* has been played during the past week by Mr. Sidney, a young American tenor, owing to the serious indisposition of Mr. W. H. Fisher. Mr. Sidney has made a most favourable impression by his render-

ing of Offenbach's sparkling music. Preceded by *Lisichen and Fritzen* and *Happy Hampstead*, Orphée, thanks to the attractions of Miss Kate Santley, has been pursuing a prosperous career at the Royalty, at which house opéra-bouffe seems to have every chance of establishing itself *en permanence*.

To-day's morning performances comprise *Fazio*, with Miss Bateman as Bianca, at the Lyceum; Mr. Toole in *Dearer than Life* and *The Steeple Chase* at the Gaiety; *New Men and Old Acres* at the Court; and *Robinson Crusoe* at the Folly. Besides the pantomimes at the various theatres, *Cinderella*, &c., at Hengler's; the monkeys, dogs, and ponies, &c., at the Duke's; and the German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall.

To-night Mr. Byron's new burlesque, *The Bohemian Gyrl* and the *Unapproachable Pole* was to be produced at the Opera Comique, but has been postponed till Wednesday evening.

There will be no performance at the Lyceum this evening which will be devoted to a final rehearsal of *Richard III.*, prior to its production on Monday night next. In this revival, in which Mr. Henry Irving will sustain the part of the Duke of Gloucester, and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) that of Margaret of Anjou, the text of Shakspeare will be adhered to, with the exception of some trifling curtailments and transpositions rendered necessary by stage exigencies.

The *School for Scandal* will be repeated on Wednesday afternoon, with the same cast as when represented recently here for the benefit of Madame Selina Dolaro, who will then appear for the second time as Lady Teazle.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE fine play, *Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith*, in which for the previous two or three weeks Mr. Hermann Vezin's part of the hero had been very effectively sustained by Mr. Forrester, was replaced on these boards by two revivals—Mr. C. M. Rae's comedieta, *Follow the Leader*, an adaptation of *Les Brébis de Panurge*, in which Madame Fargeuil appeared some years ago with the French company at the Lyceum, and Mr. Gilbert's mythological comedy, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, originally produced at this theatre with immense success in December, 1871. *Follow the Leader* is a refined and amusing trifle, and met with considerable success on its first production some four or five years since at the Charing Cross Theatre, with Mrs. Stirling in the principal character, Mrs. Neville, and the interest of the little plot arises from the clever tactics of this lady in furthering the suit of a young and overtimid friend of hers, Mr. Henry Wilson, who is madly in love with her visitor, Miss Camelia Barrington, a romantic, but somewhat fastidious, young heiress, and not much inclined towards the too bashful admirer. Acting upon the theory that women are like sheep, which invariably follow their leader, Mrs. Neville pretends that she herself is fascinated by the young hero, and confides to Amelia that she has long ardently loved him, and entreats of her to stay by and save her from falling beneath the toils of this, as she paints him, irresistible Lothario. By further revelations ancient Wilson's many imaginary conquests, Mrs. Neville gradually awakens an interest in the breast of Amelia for the supposed lady-killer, and eventually succeeds in securing Wilson's victory. As Mrs. Neville, Miss Annie Lafontaine is seen to great advantage, and acts with graceful vivacity and spirit. Miss Kathleen Irwin very pleasingly enacted the part of Amelia Barrington, first played by Miss Maggie Brennan, and Mr. W. Herbert, who made his first appearance at this house, gave an intelligent and gentlemanly impersonation of the bashful and despairing lover, Henry Wilson, whose confusion and bewilderment under each fresh device of Mrs. Neville on his behalf were portrayed with amusing effect. The chief interest, however, centered in the more important revival of *Pygmalion and Galatea*. As the three leading parts, Pygmalion, Galatea, and Cynisca, so favourably associated in the original cast with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Madge Robertson) and Miss Caroline Hill, were to have new representatives in Mr. Charles Harcourt, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Henrietta Hodson—to appear in the part of Galatea, which had been so charmingly impersonated by Miss Madge Robertson, seemed hazardous in the young actress; but Miss Marion Terry, who had lately distinguished herself as Dorothy, in *Dan'l Druce*, a character requiring some analogous qualities in its delineations, came out triumphantly through the ordeal. Miss Terry's Galatea is a most captivating performance throughout, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause. When first seen, leaning on the pedestal, her picturesque grace and statuesque pose presented a picture of extreme beauty; then the different emotions the animated statue undergoes—the joy of feeling life, the dreamy wonderment, and surprise, the sensation of gratitude, which quickly grows into love for her creator, the tender sorrow and lament over the slain fawn; followed by the childish fear of the stalwart warrior, Leucippe, and, finally, the despair at discovering that she has unconsciously caused misery to all, and that she is unfit for life, were all depicted with the most winning grace, refinement, and an artless innocence so natural and unconscious as to be apparently unstudied. These qualities characterised the earlier scenes with Pygmalion, Chrysos, and Leucippe; but her quiet and heart-broken lament in taking farewell of Pygmalion and of life, while gradually retreating to the pedestal to return to cold marble, uttered in a voice of tears, accompanied by looks of dazed despair, was indescribably touching, and moved the sympathies of all. Miss H. Hodson also gave an excellent interpretation of the character of Cynisca, Pygmalion's wife—her delivery of the poetic lines allotted to her were marked by studied care and a due appreciation of the rhythm and point, especially in the speech descriptive of the terrible punishment promised by the gods that should follow any infidelity on the part of either herself or her husband. The quiet and womanly dignity with which Miss Hodson commendably invested the impersonation during the first act and earlier part of the second might be a little modified, and give place to some infusion of passion at dramatic situations at the end of the second act, where Cynisca returns from the temple and finds her husband in sweet dalliance with Galatea. The curse lacked somewhat in intensity, which doubtless Miss Hodson has infused into it since the first night. Mr. Charles Harcourt, too, has most likely improved his representation of Pygmalion, which, although carefully and well considered, still required a lighter treatment in some parts. His portrayal of calm resignation under the affliction of the curse and of remorse for his presumption, was artistic and judicious. Miss Maria Harris as Myrene, Pygmalion's sister and the affianced of Leucippe was bright, and again displayed advancing cleverness. Mr. Buckstone happily recovered from his recent indisposition, and Mrs. Chippendale, who has rejoined the company, resume their old part of Chrysos, the art patron, and his strong-minded wife, Daphne, and sustained them with all the humour and effect as formerly. Mr. Howe also retains his original part of the warrior, Leucippe, as well as Messrs. Braid and Weathersby, their's, the slaves respectively of Chrysos and Pygmalion. The revival created all the furor of old, and is likely to have a prolonged second career of popularity. The amusing fanciful conceit of *Birds in their Little Nests Agree*, by Mr. Rae still continues on the programme.

## SURREY THEATRE.

The popular verdict that the best kind of Dutch courage is the pluck shown by Mr. Holland in the production of *Jack and Jill*—*par excellence* the pantomime of the season—shows no signs of

abatement in its ratification, and the varied attractions it affords e.g., the Sisters Elliott (most charming of ballerini!), the American team, the popular Mesdames Topsy Venn, Nellie Moon, and Bertie Ripley, aided by such actors as Messrs. H. C. Sidney, and Harry Taylor, make it easy to prophecy that it will have the run of the season.

## ST. GEORGE'S THEATRE.

ON behalf of the widow and children of Frederick Barnard, who was recently shot by a man named Marks at Newington Butts, a performance took place at the above house on Saturday week. St. George's Hall—we beg pardon, St. George's Theatre—can boast of a very fair stage, and its acoustic properties leave nothing to be desired, but unfortunately, owing to the gangway down the centre of the hall, unusual facilities are afforded for the friends of the performers to interchange friendly greetings with their neighbours, and to turn the hall, not only be it remembered during the waits, into a promenade, but actually during the performance itself. To those who may not have the honour of personally knowing the performers it is highly objectionable to hear the conversation between one lady gusher and another lady gusher of how "dear Willy feels so very nervous, you know." May we also suggest that out of ordinary courtesy to the performers the company should not leave their seats before the fall of the curtain. But to the entertainment, which comprised *Good for Nothing*, some songs, a recitation, and the well known Byronic drama *Blow for Blow*. Enough in all conscience for one evening's entertainment. Apart from a certain, what shall we say, vulgarity, Miss Rose Evelyn was not altogether bad as Nan, and was on the whole fairly well supported by Messrs. Reay, Wells, Gowan, and Lewis. The accompaniments to the songs, "Nobil Signor" and "True" were so played as to very far from assist Mrs. Lewis Abrahams and Miss Ray Emanuel, by whom they were respectively sung. Miss Eugenie Forbes cleverly recited "The Captive Maniac." Of course the drama was the event of the evening, and it is but fair to state that it went very fairly, taken as a whole. It is true that Mr. B. V. Gordon was very amateurish as Sir Harry Linden, and that Mr. Effingham might have more brought out the part of Doctor Grace; but there were other characters extremely well sustained. Notably the Mildred Craddock and Alice Petherick of Miss Eugenie Bellew must be noticed. This lady played her arduous dual rôles with considerable dramatic intelligence, and set an example to the company by her skilful representations, which some of the others might have done well to imitate. The Charley Spraggs of Mr. Lewis Harris was another character played at least well, although towards the close of the play Mr. Harris, who evidently had thoroughly entered into the spirit of his part, evinced a tendency to become somewhat too exuberant. Mr. H. Myers had also clearly paid considerable attention to his book, and had formed a very fair and correct idea of how to impersonate John Drummond. Mrs. Lewis Harris essayed the rôle of Lady Ethel Linden, and we can but imagine was suffering from extreme nervousness, as the greater part of the dialogue put into her mouth by the author was quite inaudible to us. In other respects, with regard to action and appearance, Mrs. Harris was all that could be desired. Both Miss Rose Evelyn and Miss Florence Hall did all that was required of them as Miss Wobblers and Mrs. Moulsey respectively. The drama was very fairly mounted, and there was a good band in attendance. The audience was large, and we have reason to believe that, as speaking generally, the performance was a success histrionically, as also was it in a pecuniary sense. The names of the acting and stage managers did not appear on the bill, so we can only compliment them by saying that they evidently understood the duties of their respective posts.

## ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE.

THE admirable pantomime of *Twinkle, twinkle, little Star; or, Harlequin Goody Goose and her good little Geese*, continues its triumphant career, and the crowds of happy faces that fill the theatre every afternoon make one wistfully regret that in the days of our childhood no such gorgeous pantomimes were produced as the one under notice, and for which Mr. J. A. Cave is responsible. In the opening Mr. Cave and the Misses Bessie Bonehill, Rose Tyrell, and Eily Coghlan must claim distinguished praise in an universally good cast, and the transformation scene, "Alice in Wonderland," painted by Mr. Henry Emden, is one of the best of the season. Indeed, Mr. S. Coleman's able management of the Aquarium Theatre seems to have paved the way to the success of the Aquarium itself; it bids fair to carry out the intentions of the originators, and to become the most popular place of resort in London. There, inter alia, every afternoon and evening Wieland's Hanlon-Volta combination—give their astonishing performances, terminating with "Little Bob's" great dive of seventy feet; when he makes a headlong leap from the dome of the central hall, and within six inches of the landing platform, turns a complete forward somersault and alights on his feet.

## ALHAMBRA.

The attractions of the celebrated Girards and *Die Fledermaus* have been supplemented by the production of a new ballet *The Fairies' Home*, which for brightness, briskness, and costumes *les plus épatantes*, eclipses all former choreographic productions at the Alhambra. The music is by M. G. Jacobi, and the *premières danseuses* are Mlles. Passani, Gilbert, and Pertoldi. As regards the Girards, if one might be permitted to use the hackneyed phrase "It must be seen to be believed," it would be in reference to the performances of this marvellous family. As they are shortly leaving town for Paris and St. Petersburg, we would recommend all who have not been to see a performance as unique as it is talented.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn attended the Opera Comique on Friday evening last week, and the Court Theatre on Wednesday evening.

Mr. George Honey shortly joins the Haymarket company, and will appear there in a new play after the run of *Pygmalion and Galatea*.

A second morning performance of *Peril* will be given at the Prince of Wales's next Saturday, 3rd February.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Owing to arrangements made for the production of Mr. Gilbert's new three act comedy, *On Bail*, presumably founded on *Le Reveillon*, the successful comedy *Hot Water* must be withdrawn on Saturday next, the 3rd February.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Montague Williams née Louisa Keeley, which took place on Wednesday morning.

A new five act comedy, by M. Victorien Sardou, was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, on Monday night, under the title of *Dora*, and met with a thorough success.

Madame Alboni, the great contralto, widow of Count Pepoli, was married on Monday in Paris to Captain Ziegler, of the Republican Guard. Madame Alboni, it will be remembered, made her début in England as Arsace in *Semiramide* on the opening night of old Covent Garden Theatre as an Italian opera house, under the direction of the late Mr. Beale, and continued for several successive seasons to delight the habitués of the Italian Opera and concerts by her richly mellifluous voice, and the artistically finished style of her vocalisation.



The death is announced at Paris, from an attack of apoplexy, of Mlle. Sarah Félix, aged 68, eldest sister of the tragedian Rachel. The deceased was also an actress, and played at the Gymnase, the Théâtre-Français, and the Odéon. She afterwards left the stage to keep a perfumer's shop.

A contemporary states that Miss Nelly Power will shortly appear as Ophelia, Miss Lottie Venne as Mrs. Malaprop, Miss Lydia Thompson as Desdemona, Miss Jenny Lee as Lady Macbeth, Miss Nellie Moon as Julia, and Miss Kate Vaughan as Gertrude, at Gaiety Moonées.

On the 16th inst., the leading theatres of Paris celebrated the 255th anniversary of the birth of Molière. At the Théâtre Français, this programme was unusually dazzling. Besides putting on the stage two of Molière's finest works, the *Ecole des Femmes* and the *Malade Imaginaire*, M. Perrin had arranged for the production of a charming *à-propos*, which enjoyed an exceptionally favourable reception. The resources of the first theatre in the world were taxed to the utmost to attain a point as near perfection as we can ever expect to reach. The new piece was by M. Ernest d'Hervilly, and presented an elevated picture of the life of Molière, as his admirers like to think of him. Although simple, the plot is ingeniously contrived to exhibit the character and influence of the poet in their most attractive light. It opens with a scene between M. Poquelin, master upholsterer, and the old tutor of his son, the young man, who was afterwards to become illustrious under his assumed name of Molière. M. Poquelin seeks the pedagogue in a paroxysm of grief, telling him that his boy is absolutely lost; that he has become an actor, and is to appear at Paris the following day on the public stage. As may be supposed, the schoolmaster is shocked, but he promises with confidence to lead back his former pupil to the path of duty by an exercise of his old influence. The father awaits in an adjoining room the result of the sermon which the dominie is to administer to the wayward youth. In the interview which follows, M. d'Hervilly exhibits strong poetic power, at least dramatically speaking. If we find in the speeches of the aspiring actor and dramatist some exaggerated declamation, it cannot be denied that they contain a masterly justification of the actor's calling, from the most lofty point of view. What would otherwise be an elaborate chain of serious reasoning expressed in somewhat flowery language is relieved by the amusing effect produced on the old schoolmaster and the irresistibly comic *dénouement*, in which the staid pedagogue consents to become a member of the strolling company of players headed by his pupil. M. Coquelin represented the character of Molière in this bright little comedy, which is entitled *Le Magister*. His acting was superb, and was welcomed by those acclamations which he well merited. The schoolmaster, whose rôle was rendered by M. Coquelin, junior, was a perfect realisation of the age of Molière in the minutest details. At the fall of the curtain on the little piece there were loud cries for the name of the author, and the applause was general when M. Coquelin came forward to announce it.

Mrs. Grattan, the actress, who recently died in New York, was a public favourite in the days of Macready, Kean, Kirby, and the elder Booth, all of whom she supported. In 1842 she acted in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and the manager, Russell, refused to pay her, although his receipts were large. She went to his hotel, demanded the money, and was rudely rebuffed. Then she drew a rawhide from her pocket and whipped him soundly. She was physically competent to do this, being large and muscular as well as handsome. In those days versatility was a requirement for popularity on the stage, and in one evening Mrs. Grattan often appeared in two such widely different rôles as Richard III. and Mazeppa, or Lady Macbeth, and Kate O'Brien in *Perfection*.

#### SCENE FROM "PERIL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

MANY and various were the opinions expressed about the piece and the acting when *Peril* was announced for production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last September. Would Mrs. Kendal be equal to Madame Farjeul in her great scene, and would Mr. Charles Sugden prove himself a jeune premier capable of displaying all the passion requisite to make the scene as successful as it was in French? Of the enormous success of *Peril*, which has already reached its 100th night, there can be no doubt, and of the acting of Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Sugden in the 3rd act, from which we have taken an engraving, we cannot speak too highly. No actress at present playing on an English stage could have acted Lady Ormonde as Mrs. Kendal acts it all through the piece, and more especially in the famous and trying scene we have alluded to. Her astonishment, mingled with a little fear, when she finds Captain Bradford alone with her at night, her fright and her pleading when he has told his love, her look of utter disgust as she throws him off when he passionately takes her in his arms, and at last, when quite frightened, she pretends she sees some one on the balcony, and under that pretence bolts the shutters on him, cannot be praised too much, it is such acting that we, unfortunately, too seldom see, and by her fine judgment and intense power Mrs. Kendal has at once placed herself far above all English actresses. Mr. Sugden has one great point to contend against, in the fact that the whole meaning of the 5th Act is different from that of the French piece. There, at the beginning of the 3rd act, when the lover has entered the room, and has thrown himself at the feet of the woman he loves, Mme. Farjeul, melting with love, and all but yielding to temptation, bent over her young lover till her lips almost touched his, and with passion in her voice, said *je t'aime*, then becoming aware of her danger, she sprang from him, and commanded him to leave the room. In *Peril*, the keynote of the scene is different; from the moment that Captain Bradford finds himself alone with Lady Ormonde he feels that he must tell his love, Lady Ormonde immediately repulses him, therefore his passion must be different to that of a man aided by the feeling that the woman loves him. But Mr. Sugden acted the scene splendidly throughout, possessing, as he does, the most unattainable requirements for jeune premier the perfect manner of a well bred man of the world, a face full of expression, capable of portraying every passion without the least effort, from the first moment that Mr. Sugden makes his declaration, and pours forth his love for Lady Ormonde, he paints a picture wherein the smallest details are perfect. He is reckless when the opportunity is forced upon him, and as Lady Ormonde evades him, and he follows her round the room, there is a world of passionate entreaty in his face, and every gesture is most natural. And again when Lady Ormonde says she hates him, he feels that the sting is more than he can bear, and turns upon her with an almost ferocious energy. All through his performance Mr. Sugden shows by his refinement and ease how well and carefully he has worked at his art, and has reaped his reward by proving himself one of the cleverest young men our stage can boast. It is hardly necessary to say how the good taste of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft is shown all through the piece, in the scenery, &c.

#### THE PANTOMIME AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, SHEFFIELD.

THE production of Mr. Younge's first Sheffield pantomime, *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, may be chronicled as a genuine success. It is said to be the best Sheffield playgoers have seen. Mr. J. M.

Roberts has painted some famous scenery for it. The harlequinade contains some well delivered hits, and has the rare charm of novelty. Miss Wildley, as Jack, wins rapturous plaudits. The transformation scene is bewilderingly brilliant, with its gorgeous tropical plants, flashing gems, fairies, nymphs, and changeful prismatic hues. The music is good, and the dances are full of grace and spirit. The dresses, too, are worthy of note, as very fanciful and pretty. Miss Haidee Crofton uses her fine soprano voice with excellent effect, and Mr. Vernon is richly funny as Jack's mother. The pantomime promises to enjoy a long run.

#### MANCHESTER AMATEURS.

ON Wednesday, the 17th instant, a private theatrical entertainment was given at the Chorlton Town Hall by a distinguished company of amateurs, well known in Manchester and neighbourhood both for their histrionic abilities and their many services in the cause of charity, which, as we all know, covereth a multitude of sins. On the above occasion the entertainment was attended by a large circle of friends of the performers—the latter having issued their invitations freely—the result being a brilliant assemblage of the merchant princes, their wives, daughters, sons, and sweethearts. Indeed the gathering together of so many representatives of the wealth and beauty of Manchester tended greatly towards the undoubted success of the evening. The performance commenced with *The Honeytons* (The Happy Pair), the part of Constance being undertaken by Miss Lucy Heywood, who made her début, and evinced a real talent for the stage. Her style was thoroughly suited to the part, and she elicited great applause by her genuine outburst of feeling when she exclaimed, "The love of the girl, the love of the wife—oh, where are they!" The part of the surly husband, who at length is called to a sense of his duty by his conscience, was capably portrayed by Mr. Arthur Poole (who is what may be termed a veteran in the amateur world). We would suggest, however, that such a part as Mr. Honeyton does not require to be played in a wig, especially when the actor, as in the case of Mr. Poole, is independent of such an adornment. The second feature on the "Bill of the Play" was John Oxenford's comedy, in two acts, *Billing and Coing*, a "dress" piece, cast as follows: Lady Bell Honeycombe, Miss Celia May; Miss Clarissa Tantrum, Miss Sophie Brown; Miss Julia Stately, Miss Lucy Heywood; Sir Thomas Turtle, Mr. E. J. Wright; Mr. Aircastle, Mr. Arthur Poole; Mr. Theodore Fretleigh, Mr. William Eller; Mr. Gilbert Easy, Mr. Harry Eller; Timothy Quote, Mr. William Rumsey; Tom Echo, Mr. K. Batchelor. Miss Celia May looked and acted charmingly as Lady Bell, though at times she lacked force. It must be remembered, however, that this is the most arduous part, as she is scarcely off the stage during the whole action of the piece. Miss Sophie Brown played admirably as Clarissa, displaying her warm (not to say, hot) temper to perfection.

Mr. Rumsey deserves a special word of praise for his excellent low comedy as the old family servant, "Timothy," who, with his "moral inferences," and occasional "gags," kept the audience thoroughly alive to his contagious flow of humour. The old Aircastle of Mr. Poole was, perhaps, a little too fussy and overdone, and there was a want of completeness in his make-up. His youthful face would have been none the worse for a few wrinkles. Otherwise his "make-up" and general demeanour were admirable. Mr. Batchelor was excellent as "Tom Echo," and the other characters were fairly sustained, though had Mr. Theodore Fretleigh looked and acted a little less like a stage-highwayman, it would have added to the audience's enjoyment of his performance. *Bombastes Furioso* concluded the performances, the burlesque, the honours of which were dividedly carried off by the representatives of the army. The stage was fitted up in a capital manner, the scenery was good, and the stage management, under the control of Mr. A. T. Forrest, excellent.

#### MISS ELLA CHAPMAN.

MISS ELLA CHAPMAN, the talented burlesque actress, whose portrait is on the first page, is an American by birth, and made her first appearance at Washington in 1869. She was associated for a length of time with her sister Blanche, and as the Chapman Sisters they held a world-wide reputation, having played in every city of importance from New York to San Francisco. In 1874 her sister married Mr. Ford, brother of the well-known manager, of Baltimore, thus breaking up the troupe of which she and her sister, Miss Ella, had long been the head. Mr. Henderson at this time offered her an engagement to come to England to join his company. She first appeared here as O'Shaacabac in *Blue Beard*. Her songs and dances have long been known as the more attractive features of the Folly burlesques, and she is a favorite both on and off the stage.

#### MADAME NILSSON IN VIENNA.

This celebrated artiste made her *début* on the 8th instant before an Austrian audience, and the excitement at the doors and in the lobby of the opera house on that occasion may be very vividly realised by the aid of our artist's sketches on another page. She sang Ophelia in *Hamlet*, by Ambrose Thomas, with consummate art, both musical and dramatic. Seldom has a singer moved the Viennese public to such enthusiasm, and her magnificent performance surpassed expectation.

#### "THE LOST HOUND" AND "PUMPED OUT."

Our two sporting subjects from the respective pencils of Mr. R. H. Moore and Mr. Jno. Sturgess pretty clearly tell their own stories. We know intuitively that when the hound, yet hardly out of his novitiate is discovered, and discovered he will be, for the searcher, who is literally up in the stirrups, knows *his* business, as may be seen with half an eye—that the riot act will be read, and a lesson taught the wanderer which he will not soon forget. The cause of the wandering is not easy to divine. For aught we know to the contrary, *Bugler* or *Beauty* may have gone in search of "currant jelly" on his own account, or he has haply met with a friend known in the undisciplined days, when he was "walked" under the tender custody of a farmer's boy up at the Hollies. Anyhow the hound is safe to have a bad quarter of an hour when he does return. That he may get well out of it, and eventually become a credit to the pack and an honour to the Belgravian blood that courses through his veins must be the sincere hope of all who reverence the noble science, and love to see it followed in the proper spirit.

Talking of coursing brings us naturally to the second picture—"Pumped Out." Followers of the leash know at a glance what has happened to the three actors in the sketch. The two long-tails have had a tremendous bucketing, and the hare they pursued was bred on Lord Sefton's estate. Puss habitually runs well over the plains of Waterloo. The hounds that follow must be well up to their work if they succeed in a kill when she of the scut has had a fair start, and has shown the way merrily over ditches that are almost as deep as a well and as wide as a church-door. The points that have been scored during this tremendous trial may or may not have been recorded in the note-books of a "Judey" or a "Robin Hood," but we know by a glance at the result in Mr. Moore's picture that they were manifold. For the

rest, we must leave coursing readers to pay a not unwilling tribute to the consummate skill of Mr. R. H. Moore, who has depicted an interesting phase in a day's high-class coursing, with his accustomed force.

#### "THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING."

No doubt about it, for the first to detect the fact is on the alert—ears pricked, and intently listening, eyes eager with intense watchfulness, head up; there he is, and not a reader would be likely to look at the sketch without repeating the words of its title—"There's Somebody Coming."

#### "GIVE US A BIT."

WHO that loves a dog does not recognise, with something akin to tenderness, the blending of wistful eagerness with anxious yet patient watchfulness and pleading which has been realized in the picture from which our engraving has been procured. Even when perishing with hunger, we have seen the same expression in a starving cur sitting at the feet of a little child, patiently waiting, watching, and enduring the agony of intense hunger, and ravenously devouring a morsel honestly received, when a sudden snap of dishonest jaws would have won him an entire slice. There is a moral in "Give us a bit."

#### A DANCING LESSON.

THERE is a charm about the fine drawings of Du Maurier which never fails to win recognition. His graceful women and beautiful children are especially noticeable, and although it is said that for both he seeks no models, save those he finds at home in his own family, the public, like ourselves, never seem to tire of them. Variation of attitude and expression do, in fact, for these creations far more in the way of change than a diversity of models do for inferior draughtsmen, who have the happy or unhappy knack of making differences of form and feature all but imperceptible. We think no better illustration of the fact could be placed before our readers than the admirable drawing, by this celebrated artist, which appears on another page under the above title.

#### SITTINGS IN BANCO.

ARE quite familiar to us all, and it is most fit that the bird of Minerva should, in one sense, typify the wisdom of our Judicial Bench. (In saying this we hope there is no contempt of court!) To classify the different kinds of owls so well and graphically depicted by our artist must be left for the amusement of our country readers, who so often in a fair evening (when shall we have one again?) see the bird of night roosting *in banco* in the form of a plank or joist of some old and picturesque barn. How many kinds of owls are there? Suppose we say there is the iron-beaked one who tears up his opponents by strength and courage; the blinking one, looking as if to him all the world were a dream that did not concern him; the joking one whose habits in many ways are nocturnal and savour always of after dinner tawny port; the metaphysical one who draws nice distinctions and makes "fine points;" the black letter one whose memory goes back to "year books," and who kills the hopes of young owlets by asking them about the case reported in the "year book, Ed. IV." concerning the right of way to Coney Warren; and the stuffed and only ornamental ones, such as are at the old Saxon keep of Arundel in Sussex?

But all of them are useful as well as in a sense beautiful, and are as sworn foes to vermin in general as are the eminent owls sitting in Banco to those of human kind.

#### RACING IN THE KERCHESSE STEPPES.

THE nomadic life of the Kirghiz continues what it ever was, and you find to-day the same primitive state that existed a hundred years or more since. As breeders of cattle, they herd together in dilapidated rudely constructed huts, and lead a sort of migratory life, for as soon as their enormous flocks of sheep, horses, and long-haired camels have grazed a place bare, they remove to pastures new, to find fresh herbage.

The men amuse themselves in tending their respective flocks, hunting, or paying neighbourly visits to adjoining villages, where they are invariably received as welcome guests, peace-abiding and hospitality being their chief traits.

The women, who are renowned for their industry, assiduously attend to the wants of the men, and their leisure hours are occupied in making carpets, and a species of very pretty wool-work, which commands high prices in the surrounding districts, and enables them to supply themselves with various articles of dress and other commodities of life.

In this manner day after day and year after year slips away, and they eke out their miserable existence with no elevated aim of any kind, apparently contented and happy; truly, perhaps, it may be said of them "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

However, from time to time a pleasing change of scene takes place in the monotonous life of these Kirghiz, one of which changes has formed the graphic subject of our artist, a subject which, without explanation, would doubtless appear an incomprehensible group. For it must be borne in mind that those whom our artist has most faithfully sketched cling persistently to all their ancient traditions and usages, and will not on any account brook interference. Therefore when a maiden is old enough to be given in marriage, the fact is announced far and wide, and all the eligible young men muster on a certain morning at the rendezvous, when the following curious manner of obtaining a wife is duly adopted.

A kind of racecourse is marked out, at one extremity is planted a flagstaff, which is surrounded by the elders and aged, whilst at the other end are mustered, in one group, the aspiring lovers, all of whom are on horseback; and so is the lady. When the time arrives for the sport to begin, she is led some distance in front of the men, and a certain start allowed her, which conceded, the signal is given, and then ensues a most indescribable scene—away they all bound, and soon surround the young lady, who, by the time she reaches the flagstaff, is literally in rags, as the aspiring youths anxious to obtain, and give some favour, are endeavouring to caress and escort her to the elders, and in their eagerness to do so oftentimes retain handfuls of her garment: should she, however, succeed in eluding the grasp of her admirers, and arrive alone at the staff, she can postpone her marriage for another year, this, however, seldom happens. On the other hand, when they at last reach their destination it remains for the elders to proclaim the happy individual who has behaved most bravely during the truly exciting race; this arranged, the scene changes, and the *hunted* turns *hunter*, the young lady being mounted on a very powerful horse, gives chase to the young men, and being armed with a long heavy whip, which she dexterously flourishes on either side, pursues her former tormentors. With arm outstretched, she lashes right and left, and woe betide the unfortunate who cannot evade her cunning aim; he long remembers, and often carries with him through life the memento of his wife-hunting expedition.

H. J. W.





SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "JACK AND THE BEAN STALK," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, SHEFFIELD.

HMP



## MUSIC.

(All Music sent for review will be noticed within one month after its arrival.)

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

ON Wednesday last, St. James's Hall was filled by a closely packed audience, and long before eight o'clock announcements were made that every ticket was sold. The hall presented a striking appearance; as not only were the seats occupied, but also every inch of standing room. Amongst the visitors were representatives of almost all classes of society, from the nobility down to the humbler occupants of the shilling seats; and had the "intelligent foreigner," who is supposed to be preternaturally endowed with powers of observation, been present, he might probably have been considerably "surprised to learn" that the densely packed multitude before and around him had been attracted by no stronger inducement than the prospect of listening to an English Ballad Concert. There can be little doubt that Mr. John Boosey has accurately gauged the musical receptivity of the general public, and has rightly concluded that they are willing to imbibe any quantity of that distinctively English music which is to be found in our national ballads, glees, madrigals, &c. It is a matter

for inquiry whether the opportunities afforded by the London Ballad Concerts for the elevation of musical taste are sufficiently turned to profit, and some light may be thrown on the subject by a glance at the concert (the third of the season) given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last.

A permanently established institution devoted to ballad concerts has two objects to fulfil. In the first place it is essential that the best models of English ballads be brought before the public, so that a pure standard of taste may be maintained. Mr. Boosey has done well what he has attempted in this direction, but he has not done enough. Instead of bringing forward the buried gems of our best composers he gives the public repetitions *ad nauseam* of songs which are unquestionably admirable, but have been hackneyed to death. On Wednesday last, for instance, "Home, sweet home," "My pretty Jane," "Sally in our alley," and many equally familiar songs were introduced; although they had been sung at these concerts again and again. Are these concerts to be considered in a higher light than as mere money-making speculations? If so, other ballads—quite as beautiful as the three above-named, though less widely known—might have been selected from among the compositions of Shield, Arnold, Storace, Dibdin, Bishop, &c. While the defenders of native art proclaim to all the world the abundance of our musical treasures, the repertory of that specially national institution

the London Ballad Concerts contains hardly more than a score of our fine old ballads, and these are repeated—first by one singer, then by another, until people become tired of the very titles. We do not contend for merely antiquarian research, but we state a fact of which every educated musician is aware when we say that our musical archives contain an abundance of beautiful songs which should be, but have never yet been, heard at the London Ballad Concerts. We are quite aware that there may be difficulties with singers, and that an artist who is sure of an encore in a hackneyed song would rather sing that than any other song less known to the public, but since singers are willing to learn and to introduce to the public many modern songs whose success must in the first instance be conjectured, they might surely be made to sing some of those songs which delighted our forefathers, and are therefore likely to delight ourselves. There is little danger in the experiment. Some of the ballads most popular at the present time—such as "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," "Come Lasses and Lads," &c.—are quite modern revivals of songs which had been forgotten for many years, and there are in existence a number of at least equally meritorious songs which ought to be revived by the directors of our "Ballad Concerts."

The second object to be kept in view by the directors of these concerts is the introduction of good modern ballads. Of course the supply is not always equal to the demand, and it is not the



SCENE FROM "PERIL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

fault of the directors if they cannot ensure first-rate quality in the ballads with which they are furnished by our modern composers. Many excellent modern songs have been first produced in public at these concerts, and, it must be owned, many indifferent ones. There is always the danger of a prevalence of mercantile over artistic instincts; when the direction of concerts like these is in the hands of an eminent music publisher; and he would be heroically, if not absurdly, indifferent to the first principles of human nature were he not to pay some regard to his own interests in the framing of his programmes; but it is only just to say, that no narrow spirit of exclusiveness has been exhibited at the London Ballad Concerts, and that they have been the means of introducing to the public a number of songs in which the directors have had no pecuniary interest. The question remains, whether the modern songs which have been largely introduced, have always been sufficiently meritorious, and we are inclined to think that in this respect insufficient care has been taken, and that many songs unworthy of the arena have been brought into undue prominence. The musical public do not crave for new songs, but are eager for the old ones; and it is an obvious inference that the latter should form the staple of each

concert, and that the former should only be presented when their merit justifies that distinction. In no case should a modern song be introduced unless its words would bear examination from a literary point of view. As we have often insisted, the quality of the poetry attached to vocal compositions directly affects the quality of the music to which it is set, and only those lyrics will endure which approach the ideal of

Music, married to immortal verse.

Many of our modern songs display real poetical feeling, gracefully expressed, but there are many others—and amongst them some which have been produced at the London Ballad Concerts—which are neither poetical nor grammatical, and it is astonishing that composers can be found to set, and publishers to print, such offences against good taste. It is because we value the London Ballad Concerts for the services they have already rendered to the cause of native music, and because we highly estimate their influence on popular taste, that we have offered—in no unfriendly spirit—the foregoing remarks, and we now proceed to make a few observations on the Ballad Concert given last Wednesday.

The programme included four vocal chamber competitions, sung in good style by the London Vocal Union, under the direction of

Mr. Fred. Walker, and seventeen solos, thirteen of which were "old songs," and these were the most successful. Two entirely new songs were produced, the first being a new ballad, entitled "Sometimes," the music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. The melody is graceful and sympathetic, and the song was so well sung by Mr. Lloyd, that he was compelled to repeat the last verse. Almost any song would be acceptable from such a singer, but we doubt if "Sometimes" will obtain an enduring popularity. The words are of the "namby-pamby" kind, and the lyricist's indifference—or superiority—to the laws of grammar may be exemplified by the following extract:—

There comes on the wings of the twilight  
Sweet music that fills the room.  
I know not from whither (sic) it comes (&c., &c.)

The other novelty was "The King's Highway," a song composed by Mr. J. L. Molloy. The melody is commonplace, and quite unworthy the composer of "The Vagabond." The words will do little to compensate for the poverty of the music. They are supposed to be uttered by a beggar, who is in the first verse an illogical beggar, as he states that he "must" stand aside for a passing aristocrat, and yet that the "King's Highway is fair and



free." In the second verse he is an ungrammatical beggar, and says to a "dainty maid of high degree"—

What has the beggar to thee to say?  
Gentle word hast thou for me,  
In my heart a tear for thee  
And ah! that thou should'st fade one day!" (&c., &c.)

The third line contains nominatives à discretion, but no verb. If the preceding verb be admitted as a member of the sentence, the inference must be—"Thou hast in my heart a tear for thee." When composers stoop to write music for such perilous stuff as this, they deserve the failure which generally follows. The other two modern songs were Mr. Cowen's song "From his mother's nest," excellently sung by Miss Yorke, who was recalled to the platform, and Mr. Molloy's "Dresden China," sung with equal success by Madame Sherrington. Of the other songs it is needless to speak. They were sung, as they have been sung, time out of mind, by Madames Sherrington, Sterling, and Yorke, M.M. Sims Reeves, Maybrick, and Lloyd, &c. The concert was brightened by the admirable pianoforte playing of Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Sidney Naylor was more than equal to his arduous duties as sole conductor.

## CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

ERE these lines are in the hands of those for whom they are intended, the athletic season will have fairly commenced, since, although a couple of minor events have occurred in the north, they are but of secondary consideration. The Dark Blue athletes opened proceedings on their new grounds situated on the Ilfley-road this week, and in close proximity to the Ch. Ch. Cricket-ground, the opening meeting being that of Pembroke College, who occupy the enclosure for two days, followed on Tuesday next by Worcester, on February 3 Lincoln, and on February 8 and 9 by my own beloved Exeter. Many other fixtures will shortly be made, as a great number of reunions stand over from last term. Last Saturday, the Thames H. and H. steeplechase long distance challenge cup was run for by a trio of members, viz., W. E. Fuller, A. P. Smith, and A. E. Ball, who finished in the order named, the holder, C. H. Mason, being compelled, from indisposition, from competing. Afterwards, Smith attempted to give Ball two minutes' start in the same course, but failed, losing his way. On the same afternoon, the South London Harriers decided their members' handicap steeplechase, for which seventeen started, the winner eventually turning up in R. H. Brooks, 4min 35sec start, with C. D. Evitt, the virtual scratch man, 1min 40sec start next. Whilst speaking of the O. U. A. C., I may mention that Shearman, of St. John's, the 100 yards crack, is fast recovering from the ill effects produced by the acquaintance his head made with a brick in the "Town and Gown" rows last November, but although it is probable that he will be able to come up, he is not likely to see the running path for some considerable period.

Nothing in the way of cricket jottings reach me this week, with the exception of the facts that F. Steele (Middlesex) has been engaged by Oxford Unity, T. Neasham (Yorks.) with the Army Club, Leeds, and A. Thornton (Yorks.) with the Bower House Club, Burnley Lane. This year, through loss of health, J. Flint, the Derbyshire bowler, will be an absentee from his county eleven, but they will add to their list L. Jackson, who, although engaged at Hull, is a Derbyshire man born, and in the North v. South match on September 2, 1875, at Hull, relieved T. Emmett, bowling nine overs (four maidens) for nine runs and three wickets—form that must make him a rare acquisition.

Billiards require a more than passing notice this week, as on Thursday last W. Cook (the Champion) and T. Taylor played their match for £200 at the Banqueting Hall attached to the Gaiety saloon, and although I have attended every engagement of note for many years with the exception of the first championship between the veteran, J. Roberts, Senr., and Cook, I never remember to have seen "class" so well represented in a billiard-room, the upper ten being conspicuous by their presence. Cook conceded his opponent 300 points in 1,000 on an ordinary table, especially erected by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and to my mind he never showed better form, when a strange table is to be taken into consideration, although he had his fair share of fortune's smiles, one "fluke" which enabled him to put together 99, being a "caution." Still for all this Taylor never once had a chance after the first half-an-hour, and towards the finish fairly, in sporting parlance, "dropped his tail." For myself I can rest contented with the result, as I persistently advocated the claims of the champion in these columns, although I never anticipated that he would get through with such a grand majority as 365 points. After the conventional misses Cook went out for a cannon, and failed, leaving the three balls in a bunch, the red on the spot, but Taylor only made 46, to which the champion replied with 50, and the backers of both men seemed delighted to find that they were apparently in good form. A detailed account of the play would be much more than my editor would rejoice at finding in these columns, and therefore I must content myself with a few ordinary comments. When the interval took place the game stood—Taylor, 599; Cook, 501; the last-named being in hand, having just obtained position for the spot. During the recess odds of 3 to 1 were laid on Cook, who eventually won by as many points as there are days in the year. The best run of the evening was 196 (8, 6, and 30 spots) on the part of the winner, who also during the game manipulated 112 (23 spots), 64 (17 spots), 135 (44 spots), 99 (31 spots), 105 (30 spots), 121 (26 spots), and other good breaks, Taylor's principal contributions being 93 (27 spots), and 85 (23 spots). Only one hour and twenty-seven minutes was occupied by Cook in accomplishing his 1,000 points, which, unless I am in error, is the quickest game for money ever played in England, with the exception of Stanley's 1 hour 20 min when opposed to T. Taylor, at Smith's Rooms. T. Stewart, who has only recently recovered from a serious accident, marked with great care, whilst R. Ingarfield "spotted" the red and looked after the rests. Joseph Bennett and Louis Kilkenny have been very busy in the way of exhibition matches, the ex-champion being evidently anxious to get himself as fit as possible for his encounter with Taylor, on Feb. 1, when they play 1000 up even for £200, at the same room as the other cracks. As I stated last week, "from information received," I am compelled to stand the younger player; I still have a sneaking fancy for the ex-champion, whom I should plump for, were I to follow my own opinion. Messrs. Burroughes and Watts have again come forward with the offer of £100 as prizes for another American Tournament, in which the best eight players are to compete, and the press are to make the handicap. This latter statement is rather a vague one, and I fancy "the press" will be very limited, whilst it will be a very open question to decide as to who are "the best eight players." Were I to make a selection, I should (in the absence of J. Roberts, Jun.) say—W. Cook, Joseph Bennett, Stanley, Taylor, Kilkenny, A. Bennett, G. Hunt, and F. Bennett would be a fair selection, as Timbrell has never yet, in the Metropolitan district, proved his right to be placed on the list; still, the selectors, whoever they may be, will most probably give him another chance. Richards also, when in his best form, has an equal claim to be amongst them, with F. Bennett and Hunt, but still I don't think my eight will be far wrong, and the great question will be how to handicap them, as it is likely Joseph

Bennett will not care to take a start, although he decidedly "on paper" wants one. No definite week is yet decided upon, and it is more than likely that the affair will stand over until J. Roberts, Jun., returns. By-the-bye, an idea strikes me when I fall back on past events. I fancy I remember more than one "old crack," as the present generation describe them, competing as a make-up in large tournaments, and would it not be a just token of esteem to ask the veteran ex-Champion, John Roberts, Senr., to once more appear before the London lovers of his favourite game, and one he first brought to perfection? A couple of matches were decided on Wednesday night between J. Bennett and L. Kilkenny, at Mr. Ansell's, "The King of Denmark," Old Bailey, which resulted in a victory for the Yorkshireman by 188 points, the winner also making the break of the evening, viz., 107 (26 spots). The other contest was between Fred Bennett and an amateur, the latter receiving 500 points in 1,000, at the "Bedford Hotel," Maiden-lane, Strand. The champion of Kent, playing a really good sound game, won by 145 points, his best breaks being 83 and a brace of 61's. Tom Ottaway, in his usual correct but versatile manner, marked and called the game; and I may mention, that on Feb. 9, at the "Swan Hotel," Covent Garden, Ottaway will attempt to take 350 points in 1,000 from Fred Bennett.

Some few weeks back I drew attention to the important prospects about to be held forth to the swimming world, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I have to announce that the Metropolitan Associated Swimming Clubs have at length awakened to the idea that they have been neglecting their duties. Towards the end of last year Mr. W. Ramsden, one of the earliest promoters of the society, returned from a lengthy sojourn in America, and finding that things had been going on in a most irregular manner during his absence, he set to work without delay to look up those with will kindred to his own. Most satisfactory indeed have been the results, and the delegates of the various clubs have right heartily acknowledged his merits by electing him hon. sec., and with such names as R. H. Watson, of the Regent Club (not the self-styled champion handicapper), L. France, of the Alliance, and W. Ramsden, North London, at the head of affairs, there is little to be feared in the future. Considering the miserably lax manner in which affairs have been carried on during the past season, it is rather a matter of surprise to me to hear that the executive have any money whatever in hand towards providing Mr. Horace Davenport with the cup he has so honourably gained, and the straightforward promise of Ramsden in a contemporary last week will, I for one am certain, be fulfilled, and those anonymous writers to the papers who always are prone to find fault in matters of which they know nothing, might much more wisely accede to his request to forward a "sub" towards obtaining the cup, and thus enable those who have made an old, almost worn out, craft seaworthy once more, to send her to sea with an honest freight, and not charter some other vessel with the palpable object of running her down and sinking her.

Bicycling has not engrossed the attention of its followers much of late, but I must find space to inform amateurs that the South London Harriers are taking it up strongly, and have secured a private house for their head quarters, and they intend to have outings regularly from April to October, and those who wish to join the bicycling portion of the fraternity will be able to glean all necessary information by addressing a letter to C. Evitt, "The Kennels," Brockley House, Peckham Rye.

Another fine Saturday enabled football players to engage in their favourite diversion to their hearts' content; and Saturday last was a red-letter day at the Oval, Kennington, when two Association ties were decided, the Royal Engineers having to play the Sheffield Club, and the Wanderers being opposed to the Pilgrims. It was a rare tussle between the soldiers and their northern opponents, and after a most exciting struggle the military won by a goal to nothing. The Wanderers had a much easier task, as although the Pilgrims played with pluck and determination, they were unable to score a point, whilst their formidable opponents obtained three goals. On Wednesday afternoon, Upton Park met Great Marlow at the same enclosure, but as I am writing ere the game is contested, I am only able to give my readers the bare intimation that the match took place. Legions of other club contests have been decided. Leyton and Southall met on Saturday last, and each obtained a goal; Petrel and Manx fought a stubborn contest which ended in a draw; a similar result accruing from the battle between Wood Green and Clarence Rovers; Rochester beat Sittingbourne by eight goals to love, Reinder beat Clapham Carlton by a try to nothing, Sydenham Hill settled the pretensions of Eaton Rovers by three goals, two tries, and four touches-down to nil; Burlington beat Middlesex Hospital by three tries and five touches-down to nothing; Clapham Rovers played a draw with St. George's Hospital, and a like result eventuated in the case of St. Bartholomew's and Bel-size, but the former, who played two matches on Saturday (of course, separate teams), were defeated by the Harlequins by a goal, two tries, and three touches-down to nil. For the result of any other battles I must refer my readers to my sporting contemporaries, whose columns afford more space.

Aquatics I have this week left to the last, but not because I think least of it as a sport, rather more in the same light that a schoolboy saves all the plums, in a fruit pie, for a *bonne bouche* at the finish. The early date upon which Easter falls this year has put the presidents at both Universities upon their mettle, and although Cambridge, as usual, have obtained the first run, there of course is nothing in it at present. Oxford have as yet not been able to get an eight to work, owing to the absence of Marriott, Stayner, and Hobart, therefore the gig-pair practice was all that could be resorted to, the following being out, viz., Messrs. Edwardes-Moss and Miller; Pelham, Magd., and Grenfell, Ball; Burne, Keble, and Miller, Exeter; Ellison and Cowles, both of St. John's. Considerable dissatisfaction is felt by river-side men at the non-appearance of those old blues who are likely to again occupy places in the boat, and with a certain show of reason, as there is no time to be lost, the Dark Blues being necessarily a week later than their rivals—a more cogent reason why they should leave no stone unturned to enable them to wipe out past defeats. Nothing has been done on either side that is open to criticism here, but I thus early must forsake my old colours, and "plump" for the Light Blue. Some fair work was done by the Cantabs on Tuesday, when the President had the following out as early as one o'clock, with the object of giving them tub practice first, viz.—J. C. Fenn, First Trinity; C. T. Holmes, Clare; J. Allen, Lady Margaret; T. W. Lewis, Caius; L. G. Pike, Caius; G. Gordon, Jesus; T. E. Hockin, Jesus; E. H. Prest, Jesus (stroke); G. L. Davis, Clare (cox.). This crew, starting at 27 strokes per minute from the Railway Bridge, did fair work to Long Reach, and thence to Little Bridge, close by Baitshire Locks, where they landed and took a short walk, and then did more exercise, especially from the Plough at Ditton along the Long reach to the Railway Bridge, striking work at 4.45. The form shown was quite as good as might have been anticipated, and less unlikely things may happen than the bringing off next March of the tip given above by

EXON.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Advrt.]

## WEIGHTS AND ACCEPTANCES,

### LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING.

ACCEPTANCES for the GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE of 500 SOVS, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and 5 ft declared by noon on Tuesday next, to Messrs. Weatherby only. Grand National Course, nearly four miles and a half. Sixty-two subs., 15 of whom pay 5 sovs each.

12 7 Congress, aged	10 12 The Liberator, aged	10 5 Rye, aged
12 2 Chandos, aged	10 12 Prodigal, aged	10 5 Citizen, 6 yrs
12 2 Regal, 6 yrs	10 12 Sans Peur, 5 yrs	10 4 Dainty, aged
12 0 Disturbance, a	10 11 Gamebird, aged	10 4 Sultana, aged
11 6 Reugny, aged	10 10 Earl Marstal, 6	10 4 Stranger, aged
11 5 Shifnal, aged	10 9 Messager, aged	10 3 Blue Jacket, (h b), aged
11 4 Goldfinder, a	10 9 Gazelle, 6 yrs	10 3 Referee, aged
11 4 Pride of Kildare, 6 yrs	10 9 Zero, aged	10 2 Whitehaven, a
11 3 Albert, aged	10 9 Harmonides, 5	10 2 Adjutant, 6 yrs
11 2 Lucy, aged	10 8 Antidote, 5 yrs	10 2 Chiblain, aged
11 1 Palm, aged	10 8 Austerlitz, 5 yrs	10 2 Gastgeber, 6 yrs
11 0 Lancet, aged	10 7 Number One, a	10 0 Glenalmond, 6 y
11 0 Ratcatcher, a	10 6 Loriot, 6 yrs	10 0 Pembroke, aged
10 13 Chimney Sweep, aged	10 6 Arbitrator, 6 yrs	10 0 Gazelle, by Neasham, aged
10 13 Victoire, aged	10 6 Solicitor, aged	10 0 Cabbage, aged
10 13 Phryne, aged	10 6 Bedford, aged	

### LINCOLN SPRING MEETING.

ACCEPTANCES for the LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP of 1000 SOVS, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, for three-yr-olds and upwards; forfeit to be declared by noon on Thursday, January 25th, to Messrs. Weatherby only. One mile. One hundred and twenty-two subs., 46 of whom declared forfeit.

9 5 Thorn, aged	7 0 Grassendale, 4 yr	6 5 Forester, 5 yrs
9 2 Controversy, 6 yr	6 13 Warrior, 3 yrs	6 5 Skozka, 5 yrs
8 13 Petrarch, 4 yrs	6 13 Murrumbidgee, 4 yrs	6 4 King of the Vale, 4 yrs
8 2 Earl of Dartrey	6 13 Rowleston, 4 yrs	6 4 Baumber, 4 yrs
8 0 Lollypop, 4 yrs	6 13 Tassel, 4 yrs	6 4 Sir Fanciful, agd
7 13 Poursuivant, 5 yr	6 12 Telescope, 5 yrs	6 4 Applause, 4 yrs
7 12 Tartine, 5 yrs	6 12 Stamfordham, 5 y	6 3 Adamite, 3 yrs
7 10 Allumette, 4 yrs	6 12 Lord Lincoln, 4 y	6 3 St. Moritz, 4 yrs
7 10 Brigg Boy, 4 yrs	6 12 Shillelagh, 3 yrs	6 2 Decoy Duck, 4 y
7 9 Sutton, 6 yrs	6 12 Coronella, 4 yrs	6 2 Lady Ronald, 3 y
7 8 Organist, 6 yrs	6 12 Aragon, aged	6 0 Glyn, 4 yrs
7 5 Herbertstown, 5 yrs	6 11 Woodlark, 4 yrs	5 13 Laure, 3 yrs
7 5 Ventnor, 4 yrs	6 11 C by Uncas—Fly Back, 4 yrs	5 12 Midlothian, 3 yrs
7 5 Altgraf, 5 yrs	6 11 Dukedom, 0 yrs	5 12 Vesuve, 3 yrs
7 5 Sensation, 4 yrs	6 11 Strike, 4 yrs	5 11 Victorio, 3 yrs
7 5 Breckloader, 5 y	6 9 Lacy, 6 yrs	5 9 Monte Carlo, 3 y
7 4 Liris, 4 yrs	6 9 Balbriggan, 5 yrs	5 9 Croupier, 3 yrs
7 4 Sir Hugh, 5 yrs	6 9 Spinosa, 4 yrs	5 8 King of Spades, 3 yrs
7 4 Omega, 4 yrs	6 8 Jacobin, 3 yrs	5 8 Le Promeneur, 3 yrs
7 3 Brodick II., by Blair Athol, 4 yrs	6 8 Cerberus, 4 yrs	5 7 Agami, 3 yrs
7 2 Footstep, 4 yrs	6 7 Conductor, 5 yrs	5 7 Bonchurch, 3 yrs
7 2 Bruce II., 3 yrs	6 7 Lord Berners, 5 y	5 7 Sans Reproche, 3 yrs
7 2 Water Lily, 4 yr	6 6 Bayard, 4 yrs	5 7 C by Saunterer—Blackbird, 3
7 2 Zee, 4 yrs	6 6 Lady Clifton, 5 y	
7 1 Newport, 4 yrs	6 6 Touchet, 3 yrs	
7 0 Chypre, 5 yrs	6 6 Vittoria, 4 yrs	
	6 5 Beauharnais, 3 y	

### EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

CITY AND SUBURBAN. About one mile and a quarter. One hundred and twenty-seven subs.

9 2 Controversy, 6 yrs	7 0 Ventnor, 4 yrs	6 3 C by Buccanecr—Vollta, 3 y
9 0 Coomassie, 5 yrs	7 0 Hardrada, 4 yrs	6 3 Polly Perkins, 3 y
8 11 Dalham, 6 yrs	7 0 Glacis, 4 yrs	6 2 Plaisante, 3 yrs
8 5 Balfe, 5 yrs	7 0 C by Uncas—Tryback, 4 yrs	6 2 Collingbourne, 3 yrs
8 4 Woodlands, 5 yrs	7 0 Berryfield, 6 yrs	6 2 La Gigue, 3 yrs
8 3 Caramel, aged	7 0 Murrumbidgee, 4 yrs	6 2 Adamite, 3 yrs
8 2 Earl of Dartrey, 5 yrs	7 0 Lord Lincoln, 4 y	6 2 Hoya, 4 yrs
8 0 Forerunner, 4 yrs	7 0 Levant, 4 yrs	6 0 Atholstone, 3 yrs
8 0 Enguerrande, 4 y	6 13 Conductor, 5 yrs	6 0 Glory, 5 yrs
7 13 Chaplet, 5 yrs	6 13 Sir W. Wallace, 5	6 0 Sandwell, 3 yrs
7 11 Snail, aged	6 13 Ironstone, 5 yrs	6 0 Touchet, 3 yrs
7 10 Claremont, 5 yrs	6 13 Tassel, 4 yrs	6 0 Emmill, 3 yrs
7 10 Blantyre, 6 yrs	6 13 Voltorno, 6 yrs	5 13 Rylstone, 3 yrs
7 10 Hesper, 4 yrs	6 12 Hellenist, 4 yrs	5 13 Sign Manual, 3 y
7 10 Lina, 4 yrs	6 12 Mate, aged	5 13 Laurie, 3 yrs
7 9 Julius Caesar, 4 y	6 12 Bondsman, 4 yrs	5 13 Barchurch, 3 yrs
7 9 Grey Palmer, 5 y	6 11 Sir Fanciful, a	5 12 Bay Julia, 3 yrs
7 9 Sir Hugh, 5 yrs	6 10 Town Crier, 5 y	5 12 Dr. Gully, 3 yrs
7 9 Camembert, 4 yrs	6 10 Lottery, 4 yrs	5 12 Don Carlos, 3 yrs
7 9 Admiral Byng, 4 yrs	6 10 Gloucester, 4 yrs	5 12 Sans Reproche, 3 yrs
7 8 Footstep, 4 yrs	6 10 Bruce, 3 yrs	5 11 Speculation, 3 yr.
7 7 The Ghost 5 yrs	6 10 Warren Hastings, 3 yrs	5 11 Fidelis, 3 yrs
7 7 Grassendale, 4 yrs	6 10 Charles Edward, 4 yrs	5 11 C by Mogador—Jezebel, 3 yrs
7 7 Liris, 4 yrs	6 10 May Day, 4 yrs	5 10 Queen Mary, 3 y.
7 7 Tartine, 6 yrs	6 10 Skozka, 5 yrs	5 10 Cheetah, 3 yrs
7 6 John Day, 4 yrs	6 10 Law Lord, 5 yrs	5 9 James Rigg, 3 yr
7 6 Brigg Boy, 4 yrs	6 9 Mountaineer, 4 y	5 9 Quickstep, 3 yrs
7 6 Polonaise, 6 yrs	6 8 Sutherland, 4 yrs	5 8 Norwich, 3 yrs
7 5 St. Leger, 5 yrs	6 7 Lauzun, 4 yrs	5 8 Garbroch, 3 yrs
7 5 Monaco, 5 yrs	6 7 Rosbach, 5 yrs	5 8 Central Fire, 3 y
7 5 Little Harry, 4 y	6 7 Sailor, 4 yrs	5 8 Wild Basil, 3 yrs
7 4 Organist, 6 yrs	6 7 Balbriggan, 5 yrs	5 7 C by Parmesan—May Morning, 3 yrs
7 4 Crambo, 4 yrs	6 6 St. George, 4 yrs	5 7 Corsair, 3 yrs
7 3 Fair Saunteress, 5 yrs	6 6 Lord Malden, 4 yrs	5 7 Loafar, 3 yrs
7 3 C by Parmesan—Hetty, 4 yrs	6 6 Warrior, 3 yrs	5 7 Cartridge, 3 yrs
7 3 Prince George, 4 y	6 5 Romance, 4 yrs	5 7 Miss Manuor, 3 yrs
7 3 Peripatetic, 5 yrs	6 5 Mavis, 3 yrs	5 7 Chesterfield, 3 y.
7 2 Dukedom, 6 yrs	6 5 Amneris, 3 yrs	Wrong nom. Queen of Cyprus
7 2 Newport, 4 yrs	6 5 Margarita, 4 yrs	
7 2 Pluton, 4 yrs	6 4 Lord Berners, 5 y	
7 2 Stamfordham, 5 y	6 4 Ernest, 3 yrs	
7 2 Chypre, 5 yrs	6 4 Shillelagh, 3 yrs	
7 2 Zee, 4 yrs		
7 0 Cradle, 4 yrs		

The GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES. About two miles and a quarter. Sixty-two subs.

9 4 Roseberry, 5 yrs	7 4 Hardrada, 4 yrs	6 4 Adamite, 3 yrs
8 8 Artemis c, 5 yrs	7 4 Professor, 4 yrs	6 2 Peterborough, 3 y
8 7 Snail, aged	7 2 Ebor, 5 yrs	6 2 Doeksin c. 3 yrs
8 6 Woodlands, 5 yrs	7 2 Wizard, 5 yrs	6 0 Zuchero, 3 yrs
8 4 Chancellor, 5 yrs	7 0 Gloucester, 4 yrs	5 13 Don Carlos, 3 yrs
8 3 Enguerrande, 4 y	7 0 St. George, 4 yrs	5 12 Estelle, 3 yrs
8 0 Prodigal, aged	7 0 Charles Edward, 4 yrs	5 12 Sans Reproche, 3 yrs
8 0 Braconnier, 4 yrs	7 0 Broadside, 4 yrs	5 12 Collingbourne, 3y
7 13 Whitebait, 6 yrs	7 0 Kidbrooke, 6 yrs	5 10 Restorative, 3 yrs
7 12 Lilian, aged	6 13 Miss Lizzie, 4 yrs	5 10 Jezebel colt, 3 yrs
7 11 Kabagas, 5 yrs	6 12 Percy, 4 yrs	5 9 Dr. Gully, 3 yrs
7 11 Grey Palmer, 5 y	6 12 Empress, 5 yrs	5 7 May Morning clt. 3 yrs
7 11 Polonaise, 6 yrs	6 12 Sir W. Wallace, 5 yrs	5 7 Norwich, 3 yrs
7 10 Pageant, 6 yrs	6 12 Euterpe, 4 yrs	5 7 Vale King, 3 yrs
7 10 Moulin, 4 yrs	6 11 Lauzun, 4 yrs	5 7 Bugle Horn, 3 yr
7 10 Lina, 4 yrs	6 10 Skozka, 5 yrs	5 7 Loafar, 3 yrs
7 9 Morning Star, 4 y	6 10 Fitzroy, aged	5 7 Iron Duke, 3 yrs
7 8 Admiral Byng 4 y	6 8 St. Bees, 4 yrs	5 7 Enido, 3 yrs
7 7 Augusta, 4 y	6 6 Glory, 5 yrs	Wrong nom. Queen of Cyprus, 3 yrs
7 7 Prince George, 4 y	6 6 Mavis, 3 yrs	
7 7 Organist, 6 yrs	6 5 Lord Berners, 5 y	
7 7 Chiblain, aged		
7 5 John Day, 4 yrs		

WE regret to announce the death, on Friday last, of the well-known actor Mr. Fred Sullivan, brother of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the composer. His best known character was that of the Judge in *Trial by Jury*. A considerable number of ladies and gentlemen, comprising many members of the dramatic and literary professions, as well as private friends of the deceased, attended soon after noon on Tuesday, at Brompton Cemetery, the funeral of this well-known comedian. The procession consisted of a hearse and three mourning coaches, containing the widow and children, Mr. Arthur Sullivan the composer, and brother of the deceased, with other relatives. The burial service was read by the Rev. Francis Helmore, M.A., of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng. A cross of white flowers was laid upon the coffin, and several sympathising friends deposited wreaths in the young actor's grave.



## TURFIANA.

MESSRS. FORD AND TOPHAM have been the first to throw down their bones to the hungry pack of commentators and speculators, and the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National are now open for investors. As yet, though there has been a good deal of snarling and growling round the morsels, no one has been bold enough to endeavour to pick them; and they are likely to remain practically untouched until the acceptances are due. The public have their early fancies, as usual, and are sweet on Blanton's lot, of which Tassel has certainly not been overdone with weight, and when we made a note of him at the Cambridgeshire post he looked like ripening into a formidable candidate through dirt, which generally abounds on the Casholme. Petrarch has a taking appearance, but we don't quite fancy him in a crowd, on heavy ground, or with the false starts which usually play havoc with horses of his kidney. Lollypop is far more taking to our eye, and we shall not forget his two "bouts" at Doncaster, which stamped him as a weight carrier, and he should surely be marked "dangerous." Bruce II. is another promising candidate on paper, and as the handicap has been carefully framed, it should be a good betting race. The Grand National is likely to suffer by other important steeplechases being set down for decision before the gathering upon Aintree, and it will take a Philadelphia lawyer to disentangle the Machell skein. The captain has come to be regarded as far more formidable in this line of business than on the flat; and it will be remembered that it was in cross country events that he made his mark many years ago, so it is only a return to his *premières amours* after all. A lounge at the clubs describes their loneliness and dulness as positively heartrending; and could the shade of Thomas once more revisit his ancient haunt at Tattersall's, he would surely consent to relax his Cerberus-like demeanour for the sake of hearing a tenth part of that heavy fusillade which rang through the Rooms, when betting was something more than a name.

Siderolite and Le Marechal represented the blood sires at the Gate on Monday, and a glimpse into Fores' window in Piccadilly on our way down, had shown us the very counterfeit presentment of the former in Herring's picture of Bay Middleton and Barbelles. As the "Druid" says somewhere, the "middle pieces" of all the tribe are lacking in strength, and slack loins, long backs, and want of girth is characteristic of most of Bay Middleton's stock. Siderolite was merely a respectable nonentity after all, though he did manage to squeeze through a Goodwood Cup, and from a shockingly bad lot into the bargain. Le Marechal is a lengthy, narrow horse, not more than 15.1 in height, with a great deal of gay, corky action, and we should like to see him try his hand at improving some of our heavy draft breeds, as his mission does evidently not lie in the direction of Stud Book alliances, though he has managed to get a few worth training. There were also a useful lot of brood mares in the boxes, many of them old acquaintances, and most of them being in foal to Costa, who stands at Shepherd's Bush for the season once more. Lord Lyon has filled as quickly as many of his most formidable rivals, and Mr. Tattersall has done no bad stroke of business in hiring him for another season from General Pearson. Dollamore has got him into brighter and healthier condition than ever he was in his life before, and it is all-important that horses of his peculiar constitution should live "according to rule," as they will not bear much of the "making-up" process. Hermit is also announced as full, and another Derby winner, Blue Gown, has closed his visiting list. From Newmarket we hear good accounts of yet another Blue Riband hero, Kingcraft to wit; and breeders are gradually coming round to the opinion that he deserves patronage, if only by reason of his good looks, while they are ready to forgive the "little eccentricities" of his latter doings upon the Turf, and to attribute his shortcomings to their proper cause, viz., the effects upon his delicate and sensitive constitution of a "hard life" in his two-year-old days. He has more quality, too, than any other of King Tom's sons now at the stud.

The Boulogne commission agents have shaken off their winter torpor, but though a limited list of short prices is advertised on the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby is for the present a sealed book, and operators are anxiously waiting for the key-note from some leviathan, to set their tongues wagging. Let 'but Steel or Nicholls give the signal, and there will be plenty anxious to follow suit, but as yet the Ring seem afraid of hearing their own voices. Mr. Steel, we observe, has been like a member of Parliament haranguing some Sheffield artisans on their staple manufacture, and very sensibly he appears to have spoken. With the Gully precedent, the ex-street hawk need not despair of "catching the speaker's eye" in Parliament, after he has fairly abjured the tumult of the Ring. It would be grandly appropriate should the blades of the hardware town return so appropriately named a member to St. Stephen's, and a very nice little book might be made on the sly in the lobbies. Betting would no longer lack a doughty champion, and pseudo-philanthropists would think twice before trying a fall with such a gigantic genius of the Ring.

The programmes of hunt meetings are now cropping up in all directions, with a fair admixture of suburban fixtures, and yet the former cannot generally be hailed the successes their promoters could desire. Though enough horses are qualified to furnish superb entries and brilliant sport of its kind, the best hunters' race too often renders itself into an uninteresting affair contested by strangers, smacking strongly of the professional element, while the individuals for whose benefit the fun has been arranged virtually hang back for fear of meeting opponents too strong for them all round. Still, we have witnessed many a good day's sport in nooks and corners where it might least be expected, and we trust the day is far distant when lack of support shall cause a class of very harmless meetings to go to the wall. The more impromptu the nature of proceedings the better, as the noxious birds of prey have the less time to sniff out the carcass.

Mr. Cookson, whose Leolinus has attracted more than one south-country mare to the hill top at Neasham, has not only taken pity on Atherstone (quite the last of the Touchstones, we believe), but advertises Kaiser likewise, and this natty son of Skirmisher may be described as one of the cheapest and safest investments for unambitious owners of brood mares. A Champagne winner, just missing the Two Thousand by the skin of his teeth, and a runner-up in all the great races of his year, and that year an exceptionally good one, it will be surprising if Kaiser does not beget race-horses, and he is just the sort of horse to furnish a genuine surprise some fine day. In appearance he was quite the gentleman, and but for being a trifle short, the best judges had no fault to find with him. He might not be the most generous of horses, but it should be recollected that all the Ruffordites have been more or less touched in the temper, and that he had anything but a rosy time of it during the season he was an inmate of the Nunnery Stables. It is not every year which delivers at the post such clinkers as Doncaster, Marie Stuart, Boiard, Gang Forward, and Flageolet, and to have held his own consistently in such company greatly redounds to Kaiser's credit. Yorkshire will love him for his sire's sake, and we know of no other representative of Skirmisher in the land. Mr. Jardine is the new Jockey Club candidate, and we hope that concurrently with his enrolment among our racing legislators a brighter era of prosperity may dawn upon the ventures of the blue and silver, which attracted so large a following in the days of Pretender. The Land of Cakes stands sadly in need of some "canny chiel"

to take the clans by storm, as in the old days, when Merry and Glasgow were towers of strength, and Mr. Jardine is such a thorough sportsman that his success would be welcomed on both sides of the Border. Old Tom Dawson has, we hear, got a youngster or two in training for his old master, and may the "luck about the house" be as abiding as its ancient reputation.

SKYLARK.

## DEWHURST LODGE.

MR. GEE has this consolation at least; that, whatever floods may invade low lying homesteads, he can look down from a sort of Ararat upon the waste of waters, having all his animal treasures safely stowed away in his ark on the hill. Yet the climate at Dewhurst would seem mild in comparison with many lowland retreats, and the flowering shrubs were bursting boldly into spring attire, careless of the deluge of rain from all quarters, which had christened them; and the herbage had that rich sheeny hue about it which tells surely enough of its earliest spring growth. Still, the weather had been such that not even a dog could be turned out in it, much less a brood mare, and the long rows of boxes looked cosy and snug in comparison with sodden paddocks and fields with every furrow converted into a runnel. Rough coats and muddy flanks were the order of the day, but Cecrops was quite an exception to the prevailing fashion, and the amount of elbow-grease required to bring him up to that marvellous state of polish on which our ancestors specially prided themselves in their mahogany dining-tables, was something beyond all calculation. His transition from the Lazarus-like state in which he was rescued from the Hiltonian cinder-heaps to the Dives-like condition in which he now revels, has at last been accomplished, and his owner may well be proud of almost the last of his race. It is pride, too, which shows itself not only in praise but in works; and it cannot be denied that a bold bid has been made for success in sending some of the choicest of the home stud to the grandson of Sir Hercules, and this with such horses as Vedette and Scottish Chief at command. The large roomy box, sacred to many memories of the big bay son of Newminster (who now sleeps peacefully in yonder orchard-close), contains the present "high priest of the house of Blacklock," and a life of changes and chances has done but little to abate the vigour or mar the outline of a veritable father of the stud. Even should Vedette build up no higher edifice of renown than that lately crowned by the flying Galopin, he has not only that celebrity to fall back upon as a successor, but Speculum, the neatest and cleverest of his sons, is working his way steadily to the very front rank of sires. Strangely enough, neither Speculum nor Galopin has much in common with the brown-black, who has found a refuge here on the hill-top at last, after many wanderings. Scottish Chief's foreign list will be very select indeed this year, so much being required of him at home, and only two out of his thirty consorts in 1876 have failed to give promise of little strangers during the ensuing spring. Always a light-fleshed, light-hearted horse, and blessed with an easy temper, "the Chief" has laughed to scorn the "effacing fingers" of time, and strides out as gay, proud, and defiant as on the day when he twice showed his foemen the way up Ascot hill. "The Chief's" luck in life has been rather varying and uncertain; but he has not had the advantage of a long sojourn in any of his various quarters, and he has nothing like the number of mares which has fallen to the lot of his old rival, Blair Athol. Still, there is no getting away from the fact that such horses as the King of the Forest and Marie Stuart are not fashioned out of "common clay," and the last-named gave him a tremendous lift two years ago, of which we have not yet experienced the effects. In his case, the union of the Touchstone and Pantaloon strains has resulted in one of the handsomest horses in England, and the system of hard food and regular exercise pursued at Dewhurst has done much towards his present high state of preservation. Citadel is good enough to compete for many more prizes, and, hitherto, the show-yard has been his *specialité*; but Warren Hastings will surely help to change all this, and all the tall chestnut's favours should not be wasted on half-breeds. To enumerate all the honours gained by Citadel, it would require an equine Garter King-at-Arms; while his decorations are as numerous as those which were wont to deck the manly breast of "Joey Jones" on gala days.

An afternoon ramble among the mares was the means of renewing many old acquaintances, but the early arrivals were not numerous, and only Gemma and Affinity had nursing cares upon their shoulders, the former very proud in the possession of a chestnut Prince Charlie filly, while the latter was busily engaged in watching the gambols of a bouncing daughter of King of the Forest. York Belle is a big Adventurer mare, a new comer to Dewhurst, and quite a "foil" to the beautiful little Cellina, who was a caution to the two year olds of her day, as Hermit and Marksman know to their cost. Next to her we find another Newminster mare, the lengthy Lady Dewhurst, crossed last year with Vedette; and Cassidia, a well known name in the Stamford collection, bears a burden to Cecrops, and, true to her Orlando lineage, arrests the eye for fine quality. Maid of Perth, by Blair Athol, has been judiciously mated with Favonius; while Lady Annie, by Knowsley, and reflecting much both of his colour and character, is almost due to Vedette, who is fully likely to correct the coarseness and angularity which are pervading traits of the old Glasgow brood. The magnificent Queen Bee is in foal to Scottish Chief, having previously smiled on Lord Clifden, but we much prefer her present alliance, as more likely to result in an "epitome of all that is clever in" horse flesh. Ringdove, a Lord Clifden mare, has unfortunately slipped her foal, but as she is not in the first flight of brood mares at Dewhurst, the loss might have fallen heavier in other directions; and then we come to Lady Warren one of the biggest Orest mares we have yet seen, with plenty of scope and liberty about her, and in foal to Vedette. Pulsatilla is in foal to Scottish Chief, so that her produce will have plenty of Touchstone blood, and then we are ushered into the snug inner yard, where are stowed the graces of the collection, and the apples of their owners' eye, whose value is not to be reckoned in money.

The blaze-faced brown Virtue came mildly up for her accustomed caress, with a keen eye to the toothsome morsels invariably carried in her master's pocket; and it would be no easy task to find a trio worthier of the Chieftain's courtship than this splendid daughter of Stockwell, and her companions the jet black Dulcibella and finely-moulded Violet. Virtue has made no mark as yet, but Onslow and Bay Wyndham are "fair pledges" of the daughters of Voltigeur and Thormanby, and we hear great accounts of their yearlings of 1877: Murcia is a grand Lord of the Isles mare, in foal to Vedette, and reckoned worthy of the above distinguished companionship; and then we are introduced to Cassiope, Flash, a big boned Thunderbolt mare, and Catalina (out of the famous Margaret of Anjou), with Macaroni's fine quality and shape. Radiance is a useful looking Rataplan mare, a tribe now in such eager request; and then came Potash and Lady Ravensworth, a couple of Voltigeurs, the former shortly due to Citadel, and her relative evidently on approaching maternal cares intent—the result of her visit to King of the Forest last year. The sweet Irish Belle is barren this year, and so is the "slashing" Idalia, who still bears marks of her Goodwood accident; but there are only a few unprofitable ones among three score, and we are soon among the *graviæ matres* again. The big chestnut, Baroness Clifden, is the very spit of her sire, and an

own sister to the unlucky Miss Toto; and in the next enclosure we encounter two fair sisters in Repulse and Stockade, but diversely mated with Adventurer and Favonius. Then follow a pair of the Dutchman's daughters, Maid of the Mist and Columbine, both models of power in a small compass, and biding their time for the introduction into society of a young Vedette and King of the Forest, respectively. The chestnut Cerintha ripens to Scottish Chief, and Miss Grimston (a mare bred very much after the fashion of Virtue) to Adventurer, while Devotion went "over the water to Charlie" last spring. Sweet Lucy, one of the last of the Sweetmeats, and Edith, by Newminster, were consorts of the newly-made sultan of Eaton Hall in 1876. A young sister to Rosicrucian bears her first burden to The Chief, to whom a pair of celebrities—Little Lady and Bohemia—are also due. Gorgonzola is a youthful Parmesan mare, and Donna del Lago, quite the type of bone and substance, and a lengthy, roomy matron, judiciously allotted to Vedette; but Summer's Eve is barren—a thousand pities in the case of such a sweet representative of Stockwell. There are few cleverer ones about the place than The Gem, one of the few King of Trumps mares in the Stud Book, and rightly placed on Scottish Chief's list, while Light, with a bit of the Knight of the Garter character about her, gives ample promise of rewarding the attentions of Cecrops, which have also been bestowed on Crossfire, a thickset Vedette and Precise, a very speedy daughter in her time of the defunct Orlando. For a living image of the Mentmore king commend us to Little Jemima—"little" by courtesy, we presume, for a finer mare never stood on iron, and she ought to repay the Chief's attentions with interest. Cracovienne, by Trumpeter, is not a mare exactly to our liking, but Favonius seems bound to correct some of her faults of conformation. Both Agility and Mandragora are heavy in foal to Scottish Chief, and the days of their trouble will be anxiously awaited, for it is impossible to put a value upon their progeny. Poor old Rupee has met with an accident, but she has been very cleverly patched up, and may yet bring forth something worthy of her name and fame. Formosa and some few others are daily expected from Newmarket, but Mr. Gee will only send a very few mares from home, four or five going to Doncaster, and an odd one or so to other places. Plunder is once more at Dewhurst on a visit to Citadel, and when we say that she shows to advantage among such a collection of mares as roam the Sussex pastures, we shall be paying her a compliment such as we can conscientiously afford to but very few celebrities of the Stud Book.

## STUD NEWS.

LORD LYON'S subscription is full.

THE subscription to Blue Gown is full.

UNCAS will stand this season at Lark Lodge, Curragh.

SOLOH will stand at Rathbridge Cottage, near Kildare.

ROSLICRUCIAN left Blankney on the 15th for the Sandgate Stud Farm.

At the Glasgow Stud Farm, Enfield, on January 13, Glasgow Stud's Sister to Strafford a bay filly by See-Saw.

At Beenham House, Reading, on January 17, Mr. Waring's Penelope Plotwell a bay colt by King of the Forest, and will be put to him again.

At Elsham Hall Paddocks, Jan. 14, Sir J. D. Astley's Midwife a bay filly by Broomielaw; and on the 17th, his Chestnut Tree a chestnut filly by Vulcan.

At Dewhurst Lodge, Mr. Gee's Ammunition a bay filly by Kingcraft; also his Affinity a bay filly by King of the Forest, and Formosa a chestnut filly by Prince Charlie.

THE following mares have arrived to Hermit:—Jan. 9, Mr. W. S. Crawford's Devotion (in foal to Adventurer), Lancet (in foal to Pero Gomez), and his Rub-a-dub (barren); Jan. 17, Mr. G. C. C. Gibson's Sooloo (in foal to Macaroni), and his Hue and Cry (barren).

At Eaton Stud Farm, Chester, amongst the arrivals to Doncaster are the Marquis of Ailesbury's Aventurière (in foal to Blair Athol) and Mr. Waring's Atonement (in foal to Doncaster). Mr. Crawford's Marie Stuart is amongst the other brood mares expected, as well as Lord Scarborough's Lady Alice Hawthorn (Thorn's dam). Doncaster's subscription is full.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York, on Jan. 8, Mr. J. N. Barlow's Hesperia (dam of Hesperian) a chestnut colt by King Lud, and will be put to Knight of the Garter; 18th, Mr. Thompson's Progress a brown colt by Speculum, and will be put to him again; to whom have also arrived the following mares, the property of Mr. W. S. Crawford:—Mrs. Waller (in foal to See-Saw), and Wildflower (in foal to Adventurer).

SUSSEX OPEN COURSEING MEETING, PLUMPTON, will take place on Wednesday, March 14th and following days. See advertisement for particulars.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STEEPLECHASES AND GRAND NATIONAL HUNT MEETING will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 13th and 14th of March. Several stakes close and name on Tuesday, February 6th, to Messrs. Frail, 33, Chorges-street, W. Full particulars will be found in our advertisement column.

THE friends and devotees of Mr. Steyning Beard, master of the Brookside, took advantage of the meet at Mr. R. Woodman's hospitable quarters, Kingston Village, near Lewes, on the 11th inst., to present him with a beautiful silver horn, upon which was engraved the following inscription:—Presented to Steyning Beard, Esq., on the 1st of January, 1877, by his friends and the members of the Brookside Hunt. It will, doubtless, be fresh in the memory of many of our readers that a very interesting account of this time-honoured pack fills a chapter in *Baily's Magazine* of December last.

LORD PORTMAN'S HOUNDS have had excellent sport, and a run last week from Park Farm, Gillingham, was a splendid affair. The country is a difficult one to ride over, and the late floods have not improved it. The Hon. Lady Sebright led the field from find to finish, a stiff "bullfinch" and a brook on the further side were cleared by her in excellent style. The Biddesden Coplow song, and that of Campbell of Saddle have described the prowess of men in the hunting-field, but no allusions have been made to the fair sex. Campbell tells us—

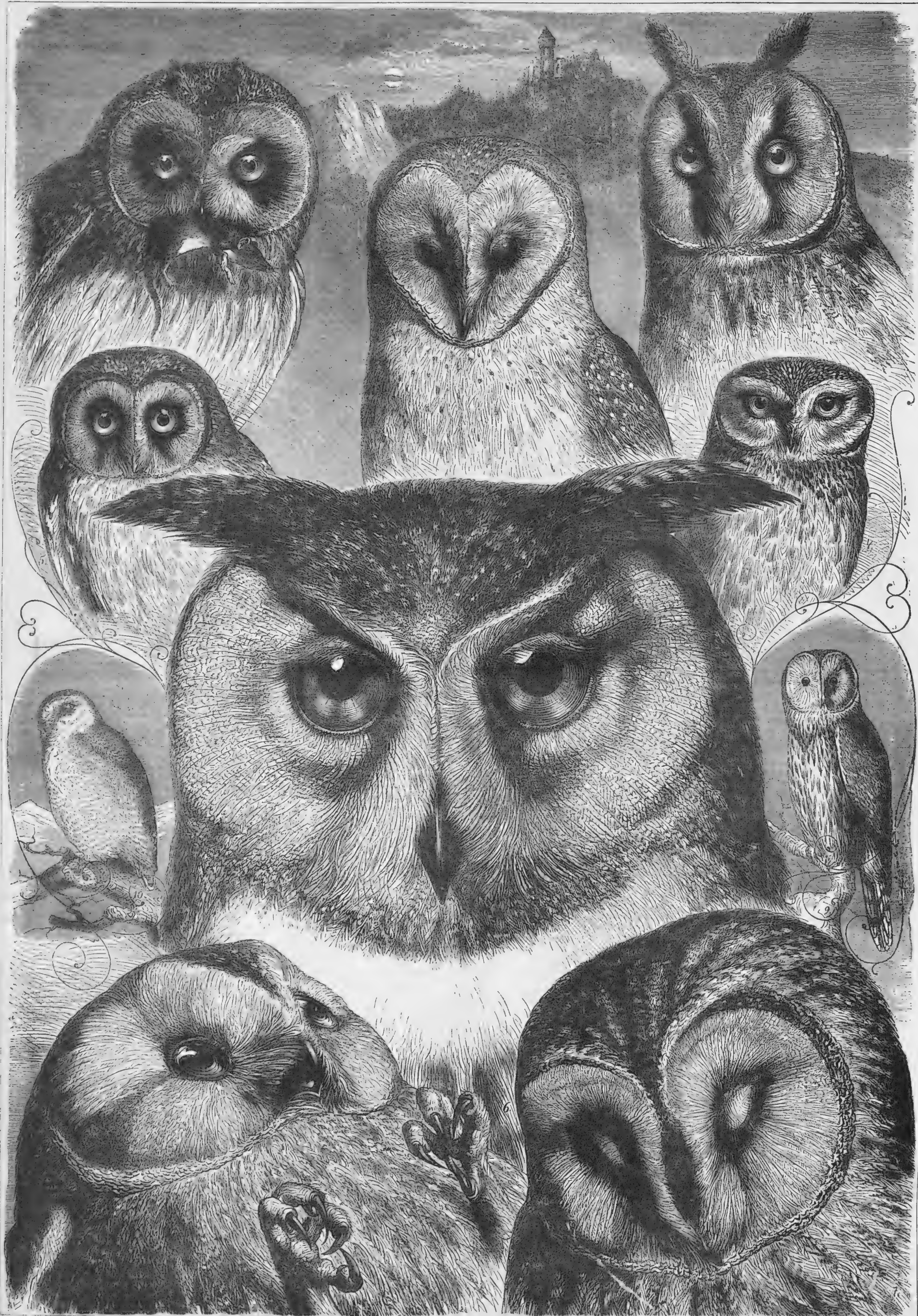
Coke on the pony, Sir,  
Has not a crony, Sir,  
Standish has distanced the crowd very far.  
While at a place, Sir,  
That few men would face, Sir,  
Without checking pace, Sir,  
Goes Valentine Maher.

We would venture to alter the above, changing the *venue* from Melton to Lord Portman's country:—

Lord Portman, the master,  
Goes well—no disaster,  
The huntsman and first whip form a real "Happy Pair."  
While at a place, Sir,  
Scarce a female would face, Sir,  
Without checking pace, Sir,  
Goes Sebright the fair.

"LESS THAN ONE BOX OF DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS cured me and my wife of a most distressing cough; we were relieved at once." (Signed) T. Wareing, Deepdale Mill-street, Preston, January 2nd, 1877. In Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and Rheumatism, they give instant relief. Sold at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. per box by all Druggists. [ADVT.]





"SITTINGS IN BANCO."



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

## THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.

ACT I.—SCENE: *Castle Ruins.*

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

I am a romantic Irish girl. I encourage the peasantry to be dirty, lazy, and dishonest, therefore they call me the "Queen of Connaught."

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

I am a sensible Englishman. I am doing my best to teach them how to be clean, honest, industrious, and they call me a black-hearted Saxon.

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

You need not be surprised at that, because the Irish peasantry have no more sense of humour than the natives of the Western Hebrides of Scotland.

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

Yes, and it is because you are so Scottish that I love you, and would wed with you.

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

I am betrothed to my cousin, Randal Dooneen, "of the principal American theatres," but if you will retire with me I will overhear him play me false, and break with him, because you are the better match, being wealthy, and able to rebuild the castle, supply me with luxuries, &c., &c.

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

Dear romantic, unpractical girl!

[*Exeunt.*]

NANNIE CROGHAN.

Randal, lad, ye ken I couldna keep frae comin' tae see ye. Aiblins y'ure not ower glad tae see me; but I'm a true Irish lassie.

RANDAL DOONEEN.

I know; but ye must not come bothering me here. Embrace me, and get hence.

[*As they are embracing enter KATHLEEN.*]

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

Don't mind me. I have no sense of humour. Pray proceed.

[*Exit KATHLEEN.*]

"There's a chiel among ye takin' notes"  
[*On the Sea-board wilds of Connaught.*]

RANDAL DOONEEN.

For this I must drown ye in the Black Pool. They are sure to see me do it from the castle windows, which directly overlook the Black Pool, but they have no sense of humour, and will never heed me.

[*Pushes NANNIE into Black Pool.*][*Enter KATHLEEN, HER FATHER, DARLINGTON, &c.*]

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

This is my father, a true specimen of the modern Irish gentleman. Father show the Englishman how true born Irish gentlemen usually behave.

PATRICK O'MARA, ESQ., OF O'MARA CASTLE.

Hurroo!

[*Dances jig, in which PRIEST, &c., join.*]

DUNBEG.

An Ulster mawn's a purty thing, and I am one. Queen of Connaught I am a kinsman of yours in disguise.

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

Say, what is your crime? If 'tis only shop-lifting or forgery, I will order you to be torn limb from limb.

DUNBEG.

'Tis murder! I killed my bosom friend when he was intoxicated.

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

Come to our royal arms. I will marry this Englishman, and make him re-build the castle, so that while you tarry with us you shall be entertained in a manner worthy of so distinguished a criminal.

ACT II.—Interior of O'Mara Castle.

Chorus of Irish Gentry.

"We are na fou, we are na fou,  
But just a drappie in our ee."

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

Hark to their harmless gaiety. So like the natives of the Western Hebrides.

[*Enter SHAWN O'KELLY.*]

There's the homicide (God bless him), he's been and gone and smashed a bottle on yer father's head. He has no sense of humour at all at all.

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

What did the priest say?

SHAWN O'KELLY.

He said, "Excellent!"

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

Kathleen, I am one of the fine honest-hearted, brave, self-sacrificing heroes, who are to be found only upon the shelves of



This sketch is not given as a portrait of the fair artist who plays Kathleen O'Mara, but merely as an illustration of how ladies dress on the sea-board wilds of Connaught

the Circulating Libraries. Your affection for Dunbeg the homicide I could pardon, nay, even appreciate. His crime has elevated him to a rank worthy of your romantic adoration. But your growing intimacy with Randal Dooneen "of the principal American theatres" causes me serious uneasiness.



Mr W. J. Hill as the King of Connaught.  
Being a faithful representation of one of the half-dressed peasantry from "The Sea-board wilds of Connaught."

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

What! do ye object to the Queen of Connaught having a bit of an intrigue with her own cousin?

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

Alas! I fear I am not the man for Connaught.

ALL.

No; you are not the man for Connaught.

SHAWN O'KELLY.

The police is here, please your honour.

DUNBEG (*to DARLINGTON, ESQ.*)

Wretch! you have betrayed me!

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

Wretch! you have betrayed him!

RANDAL DOONEEN (*aside*).

I am the real betrayer. It is done that I may get the Englishman out of the way, and further my designs on Kathleen.

ACT III.

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

I know that they will shoot me when I am crossing the moor; therefore I will cross them.

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

Come back, come back, my own true love; my circulating library hero. I have changed my mind.

[*Scene changes also to Moor by night. Appropriate selections from Irish Melodies.*]

SHAWN O'KELLY.

Oh! master, dear, it's all a mistake about the faithful Irish servant sacrificing his life for his master. I'm only a little small boy, so I'll just run away, and lave ye to be murdered.

[*Runs away.*]

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

The Irish peasant has no sense of humour. I will make for the Distillers' Cave.

[*Scene changes to cave.*]

RANDAL DOONEEN.

I should have shot the Sassenach before he arrived hither, had not the property man neglected to put a cap on my gun.



Randal Dooneen, an Irish boy from the sea-board wilds of the principal American theatres

DUNBEG (*in rags*).

I must have the strong melodramatic business of slaying the Englishman. I have had nothing to do all through this act.

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

Now I have an opportunity of making a powerful dramatic point in rescuing myself from the jaws of death, by proclaiming to the populace the fact that Randal Dooneen has drowned his peasant sweetheart. But the Queen of Connaught will not allow me so "fat" a situation.

KATHLEEN O'MARA.

You are right. I and I alone must rescue ye. And thus I do it.

[*Seizes flambeau, and sets fire to the wigs of all the Irish peasantry assembled. This naturally distracts their attention. Consequent escape of the Englishman during confusion. Exciting and characteristic tableau.*]

ACT IV.—The Night Attack.

JOHN DARLINGTON, ESQ.

Methinks I have had about enough of this "picturesque comedy drama." It has rudely disturbed all the sweet delusions under which I laboured regarding the Irish race. The peasantry who hitherto have proved so entertaining in the Irish drama have turned out as stupid as Scotch poets, and there is a general resemblance to oatmeal porridge in the entire construction of the play. However, Arnold has a strong situation towards the end which he is sure to make something of.

RANDAL DOONEEN (Mr. Arnold) thereupon comes on, and acts a scene with such force and intelligence that if the curtain fell upon it, one might, for the moment, fancy the Queen of Connaught to be a powerful drama. There is, however, the usual tedious anti-climax which will betray the hand of the inexperienced dramatist. The play, however, ought to be seen as a new and startling revelation of a kind of Irish life, character, and manners, which has not been portrayed in any previous, nor is likely to be portrayed in any future, drama.



## NEWS AND JOTTINGS.

**GRAND ASSAULT OF ARMS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—A fashionable and crowded company assembled at St. James's Hall, on Saturday evening last, to witness an *assaut d'armes*, under the auspices of the Thames Rowing Club. Proceedings commenced with an exposition of cavalry-sword exercise, and pursuing practice by Corporals Storer, James, Barber, and Burr, of the 2nd Life Guards, who most efficiently performed their duties, and were followed by Messrs. H. Giles, light-weight amateur champion, and A. Walker, middle-weight champion amateur (1873), with the gloves. Then J. M. Waite, the celebrated professor of fencing, went through his popular sword feats, cutting the carcass of a sheep in half, &c. The present middle-weight champion amateur, Mr. J. H. Douglas, and Mr. J. M. R. Francis, of the Richmond Boxing Club, then engaged in a glove competition, followed by Mr. R. H. Tayton, T.R.C., and Mr. H. Gibbs, L.R.B., this latter being a very pretty and scientific affair. Messrs. E. F. Lemaire and G. C. Cudby having exhibited their skill with the Indian clubs, Mr. H. Kiddell, Thames R.C., and W. B. Giles, of the same club, competed with the gloves. Mr. W. Waddell, hon. sec. of the London A.C., engaged in a sabre contest with Professor Waite (late 2nd Life Guards), after which a team of the London Rifle Brigade (G Company) went through the bayonet exercise, this ending the first half of the bill of fare. Upon resuming, Herr A.A. Stempel and his team from the German Gymnastic Society commenced the horizontal bar exercise, which was brought to an early stop through the bar breaking. Mr. B. J. Angle engaged Professor Abe Daultry with the gloves, and H. W. Mant and a team of Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers went through the cutlass exercise, &c. Trooper Otterway, 2nd Life Guards, was too much for Instructor Jones, of her Majesty's ship President, with the sticks. Messrs. R. Wakefield and R. F. Smith had a stirring bout with the gloves, as also did Donnelly and Cocklin. Messrs. J. C. Preston and F. C. Lemann, of the London Rifle Brigade, illustrated the old quarterstaff play, after which the celebrated wrestlers, Graham, Beeby, Hunton, and Johnson, gave a display of Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling, the wind-up of the evening being a tug-of-war competition between Messrs. G. H. Vize and W. L. Slater, Thames R.C., and Messrs. Jones and H. W. Mant, Royal Naval Artillery, the sailors being defeated. The band of the 1st Life Guards played under the direction of Mr. Waterson.

HER MAJESTY'S Stagbonds met on Tuesday at Farthest Lodge, Easthamstead Park; and on Friday, at the Jolly Farmers, Bagshot; each day at half-past eleven.

THE announcement of the death of Mr. Charles Julius Brune at Boulogne-sur-Mer, will be received with great sorrow among a large number of cricketers. He was one of the Cambridge University eleven in the years 1867, 1868, and 1869, and took an active part in the cricket of Middlesex for some years, being at one time joint hon. secretary of the county club with Mr. P. M. Thornton. For the last two or three seasons, though he had severed himself from the county, he still figured prominently in minor matches, having been one of the most regular playing members of the "Incogniti" for many years. He was a good round-arm bowler, being very straight and with an easy delivery. He was in his thirty-fourth year.

THE *Civilian* informs us that the officers of Customs in London have stopped what is believed to have been the beginning of a most nefarious trade. They have seized, under powers given them by certain Acts of Parliament, a harmless-looking fluid, which, on analysis, proved to be nicotine. The importation, which was from Hamburg, was very small in bulk, being about twenty-three gills. Its terrible potency may, however, be imagined from the fact that it was the produce of 2,500lb. of tobacco-sweepings, mixed with alcohol. The presumed intention of the Hamburg chemist was that it should be used as a ready means of converting our early York cabbages into the finest Havana tobacco.

**PRESENTATION TO AN OLD CRICKETER.**—On Wednesday, a dinner was given at the Town Hall, Northampton, to William Kingston, Esq., of Abington House, Northampton, to present him with a handsome testimonial, consisting of an antique silver tea and coffee service, a massive silver urn and waiter, a purse of 100 guineas, an album containing photographs of more than 300 old boys, and an illuminated address to Mr. Kingston. Mr. J. Jenkins, of Huntingdon, was in the chair, and there were upwards of 200 of Mr. Kingston's old pupils present. Mr. Kingston has been a staunch and enthusiastic supporter of cricket in Northampton, and the School Eleven has always been one of the best in the country.

**ROYAL COMPLIMENT TO AN ACTRESS.**—Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, the talented actress of the Français, who has been playing the *Etrangère* before the King of Holland, has just received the following letter from His Majesty:—"Mademoiselle,—Desirous, as I cannot otherwise be, of offering you a mark, however modest, of my high esteem and very great admiration of the talent, as highly dramatic as artistic, with which you are so powerfully endowed, allow me to present you with the Grand Medal of Art. The medal and accompanying diploma will reach you in a few days through my Minister accredited to the French Republic. Hoping that you will kindly and indulgently accept my offer, receive the assurance of the sentiments of high esteem and consideration with which I have the honour to be your very affectionate

"GUILLAUME."

At a meeting of the subscribers of the North Warwickshire Hunt and covert owners and tenant farmers of the North Warwickshire country, held at the Regent Hotel on Wednesday, under the presidency of Lord Leigh, Mr. Lant, of Nailcote Hall, was induced to withdraw his resignation as master of the pack, on the understanding that he should be guaranteed £2,000 annually. That amount he said he received when first appointed, but last year it decreased to £1,700, entailing a loss he personally was not disposed to bear.

THE Duke of Grafton's old house in Piccadilly, one of the ugliest in London, has been converted into the head-quarters of the Turf Club, with an addition of 250 new members.

DURING the floods rat-shooting was a great excitement at Oxford. The rats swarmed in the trees, and the entire population turned out to shoot them.

A WRITER in the *Bath Herald* commenting upon the deeply lamented death of poor Amy Fawcett, in America, says:—"Her sudden disappearance from England and her non-return have set many wondering. But I may tell you it was the results of marriage. A most unhappy married life was hers."

**CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.**—The accounts for the fourteen months ending Dec. 31 have been submitted to the directors. They show (subject to audit) that, after providing for the dividend for fourteen months on the debenture stock, there will be a balance to the credit of general revenue account sufficient to admit of the payment of a dividend on the preference stock of the company at the rate of 2½-3 per cent. for the twelve months ending Oct. 31 last, and at the rate of 7 per cent. for the two months ending Dec. 31 last.

MONDAY, March 26th of the present year being the 50th anniversary of the death of Ludwig von Beethoven, will be observed in a fitting manner throughout musical Germany. On March 26th will take place the last Monday Popular Concert, and Mr. Arthur Chappell may be trusted to form his programme largely, if not altogether, of Beethoven's works. The previous Saturday will doubtless be observed at the Crystal Palace, and if either of the opera houses be open (though I fear the earliest season, that of Covent Garden, will not commence till March 27) we may expect a performance of *Fidelio*. At any rate, there are more than two months remaining for entrepreneurs to perfect their plans, and it is hoped that the fiftieth anniversary of the death of one who was, in most respects, the greatest composer who ever lived, will be observed in a manner becoming the musical reputation of England.—*Figaro*.

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Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, R. H. Hill, Esq., C.E., 406, Euston-road, London.

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**THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE, STEEPLE CHASES and GRAND NATIONAL HUNT MEETING, 1877,** will take place over Cottenham Pastures, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, March 13 and 14.

\*.\* The following stakes will close and name on the first Tuesday in February (6th), to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Harbrook, or to Messrs. Frail, 33, Clarges-street, London, W. :—

## FIRST DAY.

The GRAND NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLE CHASE of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, and 3 only for subscribers who do not name, to go to the Grand National Hunt Fund, with 250 sovs in specie added, for bonâ fide hunters that at the time of starting have never won any steeple chase, hurdle race, or flat race value 20 sovs, not including the winner's own stake, and that have never started in a handicap steeplechase or hurdle race up to the time of starting; four year olds, 10st 10lb; five, 12st 10lb; six and aged, 12st 10lb; to be ridden by qualified gentlemen, farmers, or farmers' sons who have never ridden for hire; the second to receive 50 sovs, and the third 20 sovs out of the stakes; about four miles.

The GRAND NATIONAL OPEN FARMERS' PLATE of 50 sovs, given by the Grand National Hunt, for qualified hunters, and bonâ fide the property of Tenant Farmers occupying not less than 100 acres in any part of the United Kingdom, and not being horse dealers; to be ridden by qualified gentlemen, farmers, or farmers' sons, who have never ridden for hire; four years old, 10st 12lb; five, 12st 3lb; six and aged, 12st 10lb; winners of a steeplechase 3lb, twice or of 50 sovs 7lb, of 100 sovs 12lb extra; horses bred by the owner allowed 6lb; entrance 2 sovs, one half to go to the second horse, the remainder to the Grand National Fund. About three miles.

The SPRING HURDLE RACE of 150 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs each for starters; entrance 3 sovs. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

The COTTENHAM STEEPLECHASE of 100 sovs (handicap plate); entrance 3 sovs; about two miles and a quarter.

The OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, for starters, with 50 sovs added, for bonâ fide hunters qualified under the Grand National Hunt Rules; four year olds, 11st; five, 12st; six and aged, 12st 4lb; winners in 1876 or 77 of 50 sovs, 3lb; twice, 10lb; thrice, 17lb extra; five year olds that have never won in 1875, 76, or 77, allowed 5lb; six and aged, 12lb; to be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; entrance, 2 sovs; two miles on the flat.

## SECOND DAY.

The GRAND NATIONAL OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE of 100 sov, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sov each, for qualified hunters; four yrs old, 10st 10lb. five 12st 10lb, six and aged, 12st 10lb; a winner of a steeple chase, 7lb, twice, 10lb, or of 100 sov. at any one time, 10lb extra; maiden five yrs old and upwards allowed 5lb; and maiden five yrs old and upwards that have never started for a steeple chase allowed 10lb; to be ridden by qualified gentlemen, farmers or farmers' sons who have never ridden for hire; the second horse to receive half the sweepstakes; about three miles.

The GRAND NATIONAL MAIDEN HUNTERS' PLATE of 100 sov, for bonâ fide hunters that up to the time of starting have never won a steeple chase, hunters' flat race, or hurdle race, value 20 sov.; four yrs old, 10st 10lb, five, 11st 10lb, six and aged, 12st 7lb; to be ridden by qualified gentlemen, farmers or their sons; entrance 2 sov, to go to the Grand National Hunt fund; about three miles.

The CAMBRIDGESHIRE STEEPLE CHASE of 200 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft; entrance, 3 sovs; about three miles and a quarter.

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The KIMBOLTON HURDLE RACE of 50 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, 2 ft; one mile and three-quarters, over seven hurdles.

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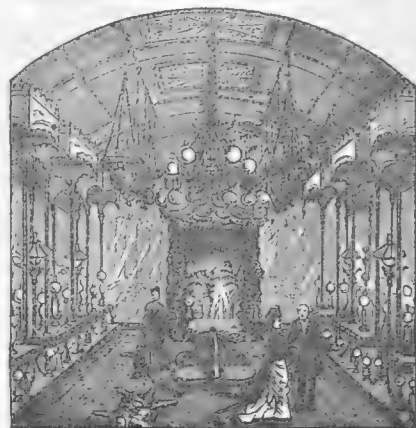
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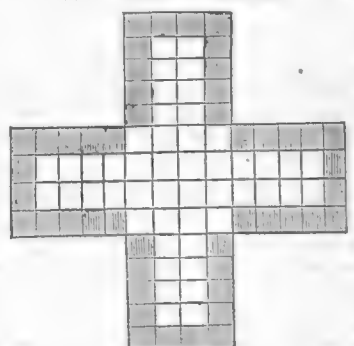
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 2. ANGELICA, bay mare (foaled 1864) by St. Albans  
 out of Lady Ann by Touchstone, her dam Susan  
 by Elis out of Tesane by Whisker; served by  
 Costa.  
 3. LADY KATE, bay mare (foaled 1874) by Lord  
 Lyon out of Kentish Fire by Gamster, her dam  
 Old Orange Girl by Kingston; served by Costa.  
 4. BAY MARE (foaled 1874) by Man-at-Arms out  
 of Rose Leaf by Gunboat out of Creeping Rose  
 by Surplice, her dam Rose of Cashmere by Bay  
 Middleton; served by Costa.  
 5. PERFECTION, brown entire pony by Con-  
 fidence (by Fireaway), dam by Johnny Boy,  
 granddam by the Flying Buck; took first prizes  
 in 1869, 1870, and 1872.  
 Also,  
 LORD KEITH, brown horse by Keith (son of  
 Blair Athol) out of Blanchette (Newry's dam)  
 by The Baron, 3 yrs; valuable as a stallion.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,** by  
 Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate,  
 Hyde Park, on MONDAY, JAN. 29:

1. WRANGLER, dark brown horse (foaled 1870),  
 by Student out of Yule Cake (Athelney's dam),  
 by Sweetmeat out of Hamptonia, by The  
 Colonel; valuable for racing purposes or the  
 stud.  
 2. QUEEN OF NAPLES, bay mare (foaled 1873),  
 by Macaroni out of Vlie, by Zuyder Zee, her  
 dam, Queen of Beauty, by Melbourne out of  
 Birthday, by Pantaloon.

**ALDRIDGE'S, London: Established**  
 1753.—SALES BY AUCTION OF HORSES and  
 CARRIAGES on every Wednesday and Saturday, at  
 Eleven o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a  
 week before either sale day. Horses received on Mon-  
 days and Thursdays from Nine to Twelve o'clock. Ac-  
 counts paid on those days only, between ten and four.  
 Cheques forwarded to the country on written request.  
 The Sale on Wednesday next will include 150  
 Brougham and Phaeton Horses, from jobmasters, with  
 Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from  
 noblemen and gentlemen, New and Second-hand Car-  
 riages, Harness, &c.  
 W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—  
**GREYHOUNDS.**—On SATURDAY NEXT,  
 January 27, will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION,  
 the property of Mr. J. H. Salter, of Tolleshunt Darcy,  
 his whole entry of FORTY GREYHOUND SAP-  
 LINGS, bred expressly for sale by public auction.  
 W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—  
**GREYHOUNDS.**—On SATURDAY, February  
 3, will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, by order  
 of the executors of the late Mr. Morgan, of Edmonton,  
 the entire remaining KENNEL of THIRD and  
 SECOND SEASON DOGS, Saplings, Dog Van,  
 Clothing, Slips, &c.—Catalogues at Aldridge's.  
 W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—  
**GREYHOUNDS.**—On SATURDAY, Feb. 3,  
 will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, the property  
 of Mr. G. Strutton, Baker's Farm, Harlesden-green,  
 FIVE SAPLINGS, in splendid condition, by Contango  
 —Nan of Battersea; two by Donald—Dora, &c.  
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**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—  
**GREYHOUNDS.**—On SATURDAY, Feb. 3,  
 will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, the property  
 of Mr. J. K. Bartram, of Bath, SIX valuable GREY-  
 HOUNDS.  
 W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—  
**GREYHOUNDS.**—On SATURDAY, Feb. 3,  
 will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, the property  
 of a gentleman, SIX SAPLINGS, by Monk of Haver-  
 ing (by Cashier) out of Sunshine, by Selim—Agon.  
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**BARBICAN REPOSITORY.**  
**MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC**  
**AUCTION**, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY,  
 commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND  
 SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen,  
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 a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

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**TER**, by Old Jock out of Cottenham Nettle  
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 Man and Wife blended. The proper colours for Ser-  
 vant's Livery, what buttons to be used, and how the  
 carriages should be painted, according to Heraldic Rules.  
 Culleton's "Book of Family Crests and Mottoes," 4000  
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 CULLETON.—Crest Engraved on Seals, Rings,  
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 neat Desk Seal, with Engraved Crest, 12s. 6d. Regis-  
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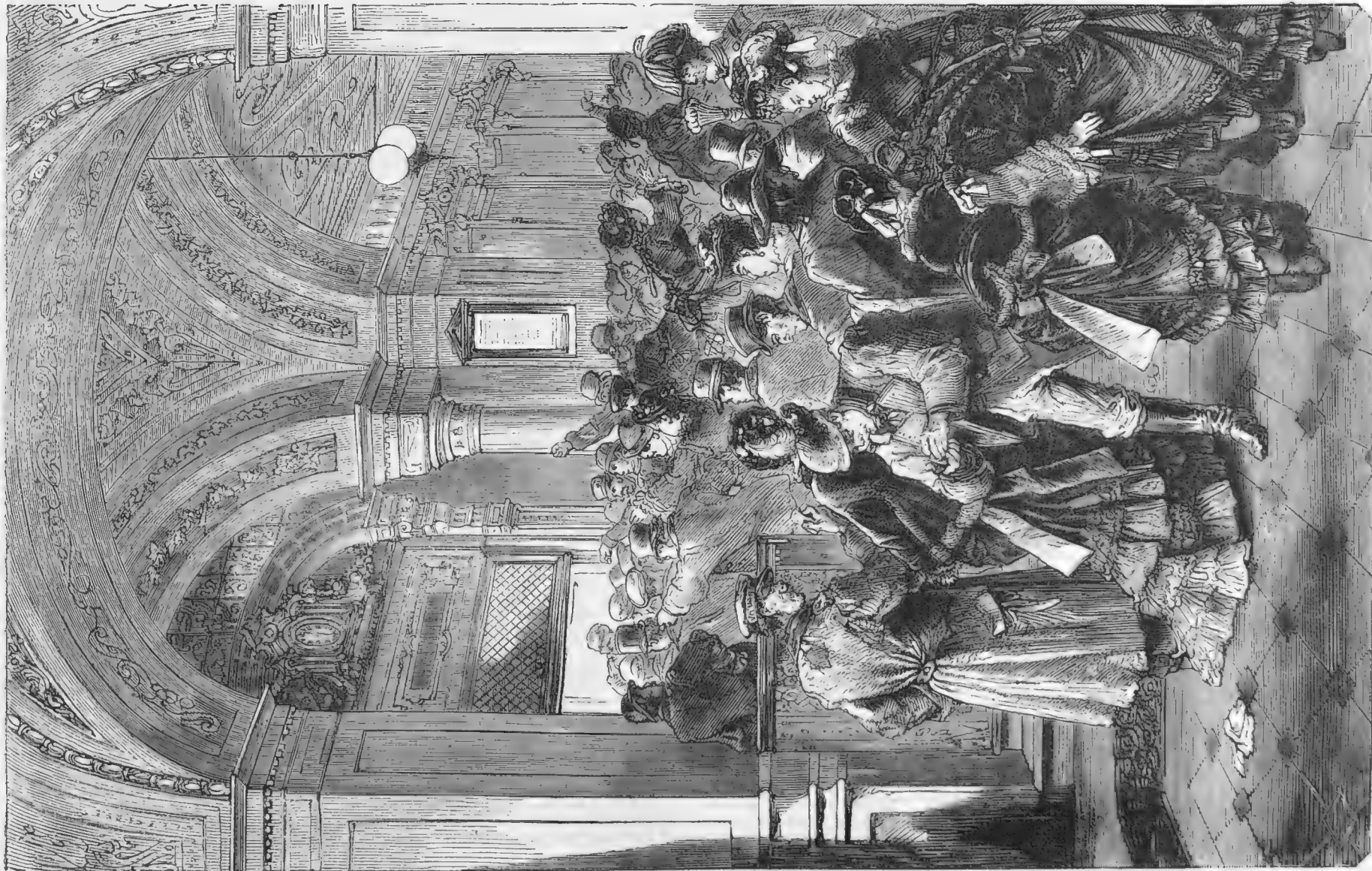
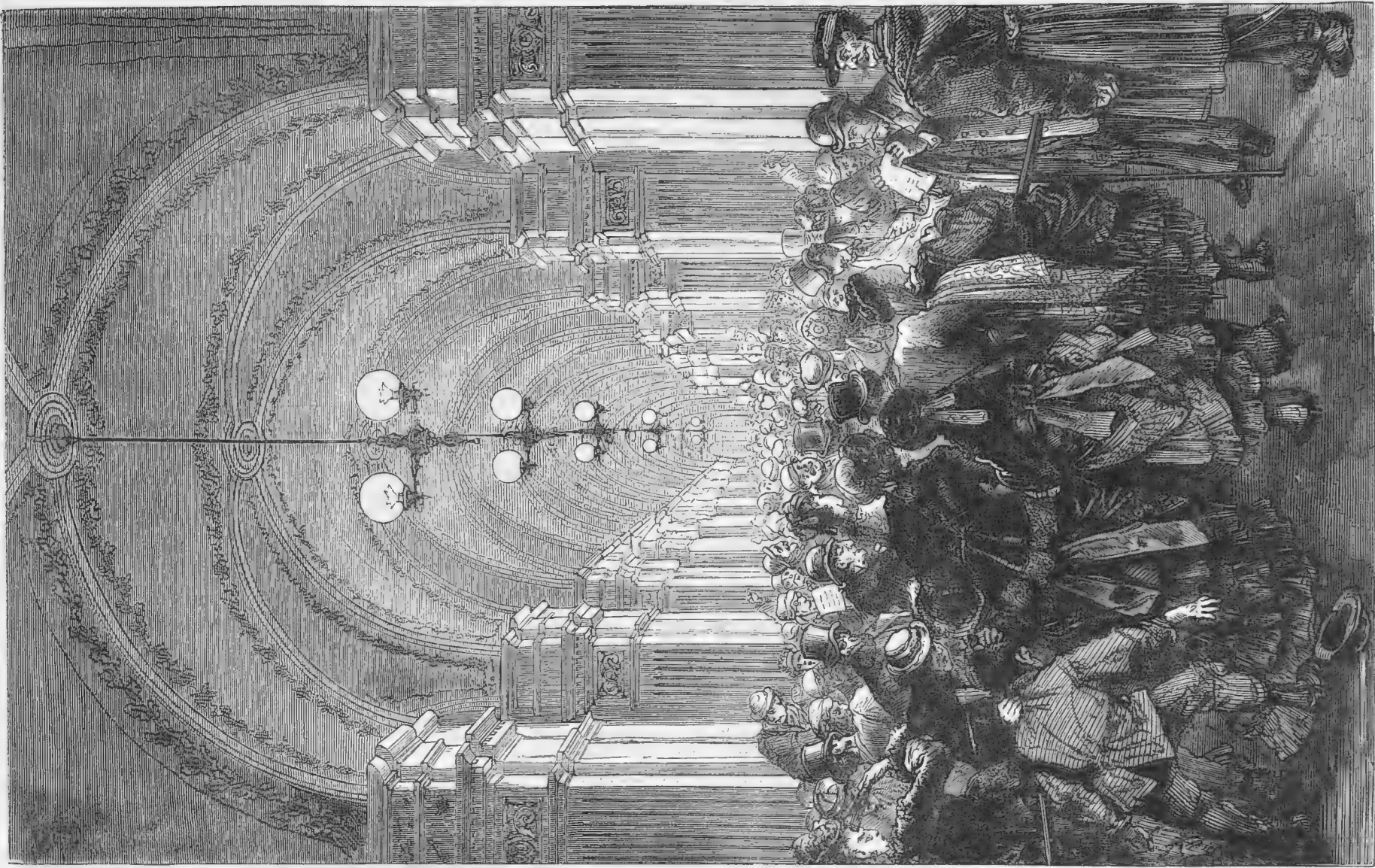
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 cious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may  
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 Andrew's-hill, Doctors' Commons, in the Parish of  
 St. Ann, in the City of London, and published by  
 G. MADDOCK, Jun., at 148, Strand, in the Parish of St.  
 Clement Danes, London.—SATURDAY, January 27  
 1877.





THE NILSSON FURORE IN VIENNA.—SCENES AT THE OPERA HOUSE.



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All advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 148, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the publisher, at 148, Strand.

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J. & G. invite a Visit to their Establishment, which will be found to offer Great Facilities and Advantages for selecting

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OLD ENGLISH, MEDIEVAL, IN THE FRENCH, AND ITALIAN STYLES.

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DINING-ROOM SETS, covered in leather, from £50.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

•• We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

## SPORTING.

W. B. X.—The Earl of Derby named brought out in 1780, Beauty, Aladdin, King Herod, and Fame. Verbera, by Velocipede out of Rosalba, was brought out by the same nobleman in 1834. The Earl was born in 1752, and succeeded to the Earldom of Derby in February, 1776. He made his debut on the race course in 1776, and was a great supporter of the Manchester, Lancaster, and other meetings in the immediate vicinity of his residence. He became a member of the Jockey Club soon after he came on the turf. He was the originator of the Epsom Oaks and the Derby Stakes; the former being named after his seat in Surrey, the other after his title. His stud farm at Knowsley was established in 1776. His second wife was Miss Farren, the actress, of whom a biographical account has been published in our columns.

## DRAMATIC.

ALWAYS MAY.—Thomas May, the dramatic poet, was born in Sussex, in 1597, and educated as a fellow commoner at Sidney College, Cambridge. He afterwards lived at Westminster and was received at Court. He died suddenly in 1652, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Thanks for your kind services.

—Mrs. Jordan had five sons and five daughters by the Duke of Clarence. They were known by the name of Fitzclarence.

M. W.—A pamphlet bearing the title of "Histriomatrix; or, the Untrussing of the Drury Lane Squad," was published in 1819, when Stephen Kemble was manager of Drury Lane Theatre. It ended with the following paragraph: "N.B. Many persons of distinction having caught cold from the dampness of the theatre, occasioned by the extraordinary overflow of tears at the last performance of the new tragedy, the sub-committee have ordered waste pipes to be constructed in time for the next *Deluge*, and the treasurer of the theatre (whose office has been docked as a sinecure) will have the superintendence of the drains."

H. STANLEY.—Praise for Sir Hubert Stanley, is praise indeed; but we can only thank you for it. Your question puzzles us. What does it mean?

THESPIA.—"Oxberry's Dramatic Biography" was published after his death, and edited by his wife. It commenced in January, 1825, and the first number contained a memoir of Edmund Kean.

ROBERT H. BOONE.—All that Glitters is not Gold was first played at the Olympic Theatre in January, 1851. Belphegor was first played at the Adelphi Theatre, about the same time.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.—It is not convenient for us to give the portrait in question, at any rate not at present, meantime you might gratify your very natural admiration of the gentleman, by applying to the London Stereoscopic Company.

A CORRESPONDENT who asks where the lines

"Tis not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

occur, is informed that they are to be found in Addison's tragedy of *Cato*. Act 1, scene 2.

F. R. M.—Consult the advertisement pages of the *Era*.

A DRAMATIC TYRO.—(1) Apply to a manager, but unless you can command an introduction of sufficient value your chance of being read is of the smallest. (2) Often rejected, and for reasons too various to name. (3) We know of none such. (4) Usually with the authors. (5) The prices vary greatly, and depend upon different conditions.

## MUSICAL.

J. DARTON.—Mlle. Carolina Duprez made her debut at the beginning of the year 1851, at the Italian Opera, in Paris, as Lucia. Her father was the famous French tenor singer.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN WICKENS.—A law of King Athelstan ordained that no man should export any horses beyond the sea except such as were given as presents. E. K. S.—Five thousand pounds in the reign of Edward I. would represent, at the present time, nearly a hundred thousand pounds.

NIAL.—The ancient sack was a French wine called Gascoigne, sweetened and spiced. We cannot answer your second question.

N.E.—You will find the information in "A Compleat and Humorous Account of all the Remarkable Clubs and Societies in the cities of London and Westminster, from the Royal Society down to the Lumber Troop." By E. Ward. London, 1756.

W.H. asks why it is that a man will remember a face he has not seen for a long time better than he remembers his own? We once met with an old work called "Desiderata Curiosa," in which the same question was asked, and by way of reply it was there suggested, if we remember rightly, that it was because a man sees his own face seldom, and on each occasion for a very short time. But that will depend upon the frequency with which he looks in a mirror, and the length of time he devotes to his toilet. Some young fellows of our acquaintance must be far more familiar with their own faces than with those of any other persons.

WILLIAM DALTON.—There is a view of the House of Peers, in 1769, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that year.

DEVASTATION.—We have consulted a variety of authorities, and can find no mention of a vessel bearing this name.

V. B.—We cannot always give an immediate reply. In some cases weeks will elapse before we have time to search for the information.

H. MCGILL.—The Order of the Bath, as it now is, was really founded by Sir Robert Walpole, for although there were from a very early period Knights of the Bath, there was nothing in the nature of a definite order in our sense of the word before the time of the first George. The old name was then revived for a new order "to stave off," as Sir Robert's son, the famous Horace, says, "the demands for Garters and make the Red a step to the Blue." We quote the following from the code of the order, as interesting and curious:—"And such Esquires, who from this service have been usually denominated Esquires Governors, shall not permit the Elected to be seen abroad during the evening of his first entry, but shall send for the proper barber to make ready a bathing vessel, handsomely lined on the inside and outside with linen, having cross hoops over it, covered with tapestry, for defence against the cold air of the night, and a blanket shall be spread on the floor by the side of the bathing-vessel, then the beard of the Elected being shaven, and his hair cut, the Esquires shall acquaint the Sovereign or Great Master that it being the time of Evensong the Elected is prepared for the bath; whereupon some of the most sage and experienced Knights shall be sent to inform the Elected, and to counsel and direct him in the order and feats of chivalry; which Knights being preceded by several Esquires of the Sovereign's household, making all the usual signs of rejoicing, and having the minstrels playing on several instruments before them, shall forthwith repair to the door of the Prince's chamber, while the Esquires Governors upon hearing the music shall undress the Elected, and put him into the bath; and the musical instruments then ceasing to play these grave Knights, entering into the chamber without any noise, shall severally, one after the other, kneeling near the bathing vessel, with a soft voice, instruct the Elected in the nature and course of the bath, and put him in mind, that for ever hereafter he ought to keep his body and mind pure and undefiled; and thereupon the Knights shall each of them cast some of the water of the bath upon the shoulders of the Elected, and then retire, while the Esquires Governors shall take the Elected out of the bath, and conduct him to his pallet-bed, which is to be plain, and without curtains; and as soon as his body is dry, they shall clothe him very warm, in consideration that he is to watch the whole night; and therefore they shall then array him in a robe of russet, having long sleeves reaching down to the ground, and tied about the middle with a cordon of ash-coloured silk, with a russet hood like to an hermit, having a white napkin hanging to the girdle; and the barber having removed the bathing vessel, the experienced knights shall again enter, and from thence conduct the Elected to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, preceded by all the Esquires, making rejoicings, and the minstrels playing before them, during which time wine and spices shall be laid ready for these Knights, the Elected and the Esquires Governors, and the Elected having returned thanks to these Knights for the great favours of their assistance, the Esquires Governors shall shut the chapel door, permitting none to stay therein, save the Elected, one of the Prelates of the church of Westminster to officiate, the chanter to take care of the lights, and the verger of the church, where the Elected shall perform his vigils during the night, in orisons and prayers to Almighty God, having a taper burning before him, held by one of his Esquires Governors, who, at the reading of the Gospel, shall deliver it into the hands of the Elected, which, being read, he shall re-deliver it to one of his Esquires Governors, who shall hold it before him during the residue of divine service; and when the day breaks, and the Elected bath heard Matins or Morning prayer, the Esquires Governors shall re-conduct him to the Prince's chamber and lay him in bed, and cast over him a coverlet of gold lined with carde; and when it is proper time, these Esquires shall acquaint the Sovereign, or Great Master, that the Elected will be ready to rise from his bed, who shall again command the experienced Knights, preceded as before, to repair to the Prince's chamber; and the Elected being awakened by the music; and the Esquire's Governors having provided everything in readiness, the experienced Knights, at their entry, shall wish the Elected a good morning, acquainting him that it is a convenient time to rise. Whereupon the Esquire's Governors taking him by the arm, the most ancient of these Knights shall present to him his shirt, the next his breeches, the third his doublet, another the surcoat of red tartan, lined and edged with white sarcenet; two others shall take him out of his bed; two others shall put on his boots, in token of the beginning of his warfare; another shall gird him with his white girdle without any ornament; another shall comb his head; another shall deliver him his coif, or bonnet; and lastly, another shall put upon him the mantle of this order, being of the same silk and colour of the surcoat, lined and edged in like manner, which shall be tied and made fast about the neck with a lace of white silk, having a pair of white gloves hanging at the end thereof; and on the left shoulder of the said mantle shall be the ensign of this order; that is, three Imperial crowns or, surrounded with the motto of the Order upon a circle of gules with a glory of rays issuing from the centre.

## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1877.

THE recent announcement, presumably made on authority (but which we repeat merely for what it is worth), that Admiral Rous intends during the coming season to limit his labours of handicapping to Newmarket alone, opens up anew a question which in the natural course of events, must come before us before many years are past. The Admiral has laboured long and earnestly in a cause, which in the present state of our racing régime forms one of its most important features, and it is not to be wondered at that he should henceforward seek some respite from a business which must have absorbed both time and anxious consideration in the hours of life usually devoted to contemplative rest. It may sound strange, but the statement will not be denied when further considered, that, so far as regards the most important duties which can devolve upon an individual, as adjuster of handicap weights, we have been living under a system well nigh perfect, and one which might be considered almost ideal or Utopian were we to attempt to consider it in relation to any other pursuit, either of business or pleasure. To put it more plainly, it has been admitted on all hands that we have in Admiral Rous the right man in the right place for once; and no one can be pointed out as likely to succeed him in his self-chosen and admirably administered position as handicapper-in-chief. He may be regarded as the greatest of our great unpaid, and if we reckon up the qualifications necessary for such a post as he has filled for so many years with approbation, we shall find that nearly all of them have been united

in the man we are proud to call our great Turf arbitrator. To command the confidence, the respect, and, it may be added, the regard of all connected with the Turf, many various talents and acquirements must be united in the individual who assumes the position of delicacy which the Admiral has administered so well. High social position, activity of body and mind alike, acute discernment, "sublime" impartiality, steadfastness of purpose, and fine judgment in racing, all these are gifts rarely to be found combined in one unit of humanity; but the supreme and crowning grace of such a character may be said to consist in the voluntary placing of all those talents at the public service, without hope of fee or reward. In one or more of the points enumerated above, the Admiral may be equalled or surpassed by certain among his fellows (though such an one would be hard to find); but confidence is strengthened and admiration enhanced by the accompaniments of his zeal in the interests of sport, and indefatigable efforts in its cause. Throughout his long career, no single word of suspicion or mistrust has lowered him in the eyes of a community peculiarly susceptible to influences of this nature, and though mistakes have been made, the slips of Admiral Rous have been fewer than those of other people, and time after time has he come triumphantly through crises, which it was whispered that he never could weather. Should his services be confined to handicapping at head-quarters, more of this kind of work will naturally be thrown into the hands of our racing providers, or we must fall back upon the often suggested expedient of the appointment of paid public handicappers, which has lately provoked some discussion, so far as concerns its policy and practicability. The question will have to be decided sooner or later, and the present may not be an inopportune season for discussing the pros and cons on each side, so far as they are capable of affecting our present state of Turf administration. *Uno avulso non deficit alter* may be a consoling motto enough, but from certain signs it is not difficult to foresee that there will be considerable difficulty in inducing the general body of racing men to accept one of their own body as virtual controller of the destinies of their horses. There are none occupying a similarly anomalous position to the Admiral, who is, as it were, among them, but not of them, holding aloof from participation in the game, but content to give his time and attention towards furthering its interests, and making himself responsible for its good government, so far as an equitable adjustment of weights in handicaps is concerned. No one occupying a disinterested position, can be found to advocate the system under which clerks of courses become their own handicappers; on the contrary, it seems to be universally agreed that it is in the highest degree undesirable for individuals interested in the success of a meeting to meddle with the imposts of horses entered as competitors at their meetings. It opens a door to malpractices, of which we should be sorry to accuse men holding any sort of position as entrepreneurs, but which must be obvious to all who have considered the question from the stand point of morality. Clerks of Courses are but human, and it is asking them too much to decide impartially between munificent patrons and mere casuals, or to regard without favour the claims of influential owners and powerful stables. We must measure all men as mere mortals, and endeavour to withhold opportunities of equivocal dealing, which undoubtedly has been proved to exist in certain quarters. Were horses in all cases impartially "put together," we should have fewer of these disgraceful episodes in which Captain Armstrong figures so prominently, as there would be less occasion for the throwing of dust in handicappers' eyes, which takes the highly objectionable form of roping and shunting. Lucky people, who "make handicaps their study," would be less common, and fewer complaints would arise from a certain class of owners (and those mostly the salt of the Turf), whose horses are at once crushed out of a big handicap, as a kind of penalty, forsooth, to running always straight. At a well-known and "popular" meeting, last year, almost a scandal was created by the favour shown in handicaps to the owner of a goodly number of "arrivals," and the evil is all the worse, because people can only hint and insinuate, in the absence of proof positive, which can never be forthcoming, except under almost miraculous circumstances. The appointment of a paid public handicapper is likewise surrounded by difficulties innumerable, not the least being a most formidable one *in limine*—viz., the choice of persons duly qualified for the post. "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes," who is to judge the judges themselves? For nobody, as a rule, is satisfied with the way in which his horses are handicapped, and cries would rise, loud and angry, against each candidate while on his trial. The class of people at present engaged in handicapping would have to be discarded entirely, or compelled to vacate their present positions as promoters of racing, before taking office under the Jockey Club, from which, of course, all authority and commission must proceed. It is a weakness with almost every individual who interests himself in racing affairs that he is endowed with the special faculty of putting horses together—a process which to judge by published results, seems, on occasions, to take the shape of drawing horses from one hat and weights from another. There are, we trust, plenty of owners, competent judges of racing in every respect, and likely to command public confidence when released from the cares of a training stable; but who would be found willing to give up the delights of running horses and the sweets of speculation to accept so thankless a post as that of paid public handicapper? What the salaries or these reckoners-up of public form ought to be we hardly venture to inquire, and we should be glad to receive suggestions on this point from those who, from time to time, have advocated their hobby in the public prints. Theoretically, the system would be perfect, or nearly so; but, practically, we should be inclined to prefer our present practice, with all its shortcomings, and of two evils we are disposed to choose the least, on the principle—perhaps a false one—that the mistakes of one would be counterbalanced by those of another, and that in the multitude of handicappers might be found comparative security. This dilemma we may speedily have to discuss; consequently, it behoves those interested in the settlement of so vexed a question to furnish up their weapons for the strife.



## HEATHERTHORP.

## A SPORTING STORY.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

## CHAPTER II.

TREATS OF CERTAIN PRELIMINARIES TO A MEMORABLE GAME AT CRICKET, CONCERNING WHICH CLUB SCORE-BOOKS AND LOCAL REPORTERS ARE SILENT; AND SHOWS THAT, IF DOCTOR SUTTON HAS WON HIS "MATCH FOR LIFE," HE HAS YET TO RECEIVE THE STAKES.

SUMMER reaches us so late in the year we can generally depend upon gracing the Feast of St. Grouse with the last of the strawberries. A dainty privilege this, and one which should have long since stirred the lyre of the Heatherthorp Anacreon. Still, summer being such a laggard, our cricket campaign seldom begins until at least a month after that in "the sunny south." Owing to the season's caprice, Doctor Sutton abode several weeks amongst us before he got the chance of scandalising his severely proper patients by a display of his sporting tastes. He could not hunt; he did not care to angle; it was early for otters; and goody sports fell not in his way. Indeed female archery (which invariably involves the mischief of a toxophilite remarkable for corpulency and a woefully scanty wardrobe) was still a long way off being a Fine Art at Heatherthorp, and the croquetry (which everybody knows is a muscular form of coquetry of the deadliest description) had not yet turned its steps towards our corner of the Riding. Meanwhile he was progressing famously with his practice, and Molly Malone continued in constant work; while correspondingly Matthew Crisp was kept fully employed, and had scarcely any leisure for practising on his account—at the bar of the "Sursingle Arms."

Not that the Doctor's path was all rose-leaves. There was a thorn here and there, and bonny Kate Wilson was the sharpest of these. Her clear hazel eyes, ingenuous countenance, lithe figure, and deliciously fresh manner were seldom absent from his memory for long together. He was in love; and although an indefinable something whispered that she rather looked upon his silent devotion with an eye of indulgence, he longed, like a gushing boy of eighteen, for a more satisfying proof of her favour.

He had never been a shunner of drawing-rooms, and knew, or fancied he knew, much of women's ways; but Kate perplexed him. This lovely Yorkshire lass, so brimful of bounding life, had a spice of devil in her, which, while it gave her an air of charming piquantry far removed from vulgar fastness, kept her from betraying herself, and him at arm's length. Alas! he was blind—and for stone blindness commend us to your lover who ere his affliction was remarkable for more than an ordinary share of common sense. An album-filling lover is not blind at all, but wall-eyed, because, for every admiring glance he vouchsafes the object of his adoration he bestows another on himself.

Had Kelpie been gifted with Christian speech he could have let his master into a secret worth knowing. It was to him "the sweetest Kate in Christendom" symbolically told her love, making no more account of Matthew Crisp, who was the dumb sharer of the girl's eccentric confidence than, as he afterwards put it, "a lump of wood." These almost one-sided interviews came about in this wise. The mare did all the "doctoring," and therefore Crisp was ordered to see that Kelpie did not become "as big as a bullock" for want of exercise. Whenever he took his rides abroad he was sure to meet Miss Wilson mounted upon a bay four-year-old which by the Doctor's extra-professional advice had supplanted the runaway chestnut.

"Good morning, Matthew," said she to him in a cheery voice, as they "accidentally" encountered each other on the ever-to-be-remembered road to the railway station one brisk forenoon in May, "and good morning to you, old fellow," addressing Kelpie in endearing tones. "I hope they use you well at Doctor Sutton's. By-the-by how is the Doctor?"—then without waiting for a reply, she rattled along—"Did dear old Kelpie recollect this road then? Did he remember the day when he—and his master, saved somebody's life, eh, old darling? Good-bye, old Kelp," touching his patient Roman nose with her pretty pouting rosy lips—"Good-bye," twisting some wild flowers about his ears—"I think, Matthew, you said Doctor Sutton was quite well. He will not have forgotten, I dare say, that we—that is papa, expects him at dinner this evening. Adieu, old Kelpie!" and off she cantered.

If she could only have heard Matthew's comments now! Listen to them, and imagine you see him watching her disappear in the distance.

"Of all the artful ones I ever see, she is the artfullest. She doubles like a hare; and seems to go so straight, too. Will it be a long run I wonder?"

"Now for the rest o' the farce. Mr. Arthur 'll hear me come into the yard: absent-like, thinking nobody sees him, he'll collar these flowers. Then he'll ask, quite off-hand and in a don't-careish sort of voice where I've bin. 'Very good; I tell him I've met her; he will say, still gammonin' he don't care twopence, 'Oh indeed—and to finish up he'll order Kelpie to be saddled this evenin' and off he'll bolt to dine at Wimpledale Place. Oh! Mr. Arthur, Mr. Arthur, what will it end in?"

There was a touch of real sadness in his voice as he uttered these words. Matthew might have been Adam and Dr. Sutton Orlando for the affection which the queer old man-servant bore his young master.

"What would Tim Wilson say to all this if he knew? Happen he would not like it."

This query, the conclusion of his audible remarks addressed to vacancy, was more pregnant than even Crisp supposed. Like many men who have risen from nothing, Timothy Wilson, Esq., in early life an industrious puddler, was inordinately proud; and his pride was that of the *parvenu*. Incapable himself of advancing to a loftier position in society, for free and independent constituencies had yet to awaken to the high parliamentary claims of Iron, the darling of his household, his only daughter Katherine, was the mainspring of his schemes of ambition.

He would have rejoiced at the opportunity of selling his daughter—at the altar—to a gentleman of good family. He had not shown his hand yet, but it came to pass towards the end of May that both Kate and the Doctor saw it.

Early one Wednesday morning (Wednesday I should remark is the market day at Heatherthorp) there might have been observed assembled in front of Daniel Essom's shop a group of townfolk eagerly reading a handbill purporting to have been issued by the H.C.C. and bearing the signature of the honorary secretary of that celebrated club. It was proposed to inaugurate the season—set forth the bill—with a home-and-home match between the

Heatherthorp eleven and a crack team selected from Shipley-on-Wimple and its district. Admirers of the noble game who have gained their experience at Lord's or the Oval have no conception of the fervid animosities which pervade a home-and-home match in and about our Riding. For the nonce the cricket ground is changed into a kind of Ashby-de-la-Zouch and the opposing elevens into companies of fierce knights, thirsting for each other's—wickets. Such matches are worth any number of those bloodless trials of skill played on "scientific" grounds.

On the afternoon of the day Miss Wilson told Crisp his master was expected to dine at Wimpledale Place, Doctor Sutton was returning home from his rounds, when, to his surprise, he was accosted by Daniel Essom, who with a face of preternatural gravity begged him "step into the shop."

"You will pardon me, Doctor," said Daniel when he had summarily dismissed the boy and carefully closed the shop-door, "for stopping you so suddenly on your way home. No: it's nothing to do with my pulse. I am quite well, thank you. The fact is we have a committee meeting of the club to-night, and—I am a bad hand at beating about the bush, Doctor,—have I your consent to tell them you will play with us in our match against Shipley?"

"I—Mr. Essom!—why, cannot you complete your eleven without me? I have not touched a bat for goodness knows how long. Besides how do you know I play at all?"

"Never heed that now, Doctor," rejoined Daniel, smiling, "we want you to play!"

"I expect that old ass Crisp has been wagging his long tongue," muttered the Doctor, and then he added aloud—"I perceive you at any rate are determined that I shall shock the sensibilities of my serious patients. Well, tell your committee I won't see them in a dilemma. If they want a stop-gap I will play."

Daniel, as delighted as though one of his long shots had come down to evens, warmly thanked the Doctor, and the latter departed, speculating as he went as to what his patients would think when they saw him in his new character.

On reaching home he duly played out the farce as Crisp had foretold, and leaving word he was not to be troubled except in a case of direct emergency, turned Kelpie's nose towards Wimpledale Place.

Another guest had been bidden to the mahogany tree of Timothy Wilson, Esq., in the person of Mr. Reginald Woodridge, the cadet of an intensely lofty family, and a representative of "the mining interest." With the help of the remnant of a respectable patrimony he had been thrown into old Wilson's way, and he now appeared before the world in the, to him, somewhat novel character of a sucking ironmaster. He was what in vulgar parlance would be called "a swell," but by no means a bad specimen of the class. Kate liked him. He rode fairly, played at reading some of her favourite authors, and, though his style was neither as polished as Mario's, nor as pure as Reeves's, he could sing with taste. She always looked forward to his coming with pleasure, for he brightened up their dull drawing-room wonderfully; but she did not dream that he had been selected by her father as her husband, and that he himself was anything but averse to the arrangement.

She shone resplendently that evening, for she was happy. In all her airy *badinage* Woodridge was with her, for he was cunning at most kinds of verbal fence, but the Doctor, slower of speech, and lacking utterly that conversational small change so useful in society, was ill at ease. He began to dislike fluent Mr. Woodridge, especially as there arose, with his dislike, a suspicion that he was being talked down.

For some time the discomposure of Doctor Sutton was unobserved by Kate, but when she saw it she flushed with genuine anger, and her anger at length concentrated in the Doctor, "for being such a fool." Anomalously enough her thought assumed this shape because she loved the man. When she left the room, Mr. Woodridge attending her to the door, the Doctor took wine freely, and felt equal to anything.

"By the way, Doctor," observed the host, after Kate had gone, "you are a cricketer, I believe? Do you play with Heatherthorp against Shipley on the first of next month?"

"I have not decided whether I shall or not," replied the Doctor; "Essom, the secretary, asked me this very evening if I would play, and I gave him a conditional promise."

"Ah, you a cricketer, Doctor?" interposed Woodridge; "really, I should hardly have given you credit for enjoying such a game."

"Nevertheless, I play," shortly rejoined the Doctor.

"Averages good?" inquired Woodridge.

"Moderate," replied the Doctor.

"Come, come, Doctor, be careful, you know; we have heard a far different story of your abilities," put in the host.

"Ha, ha, ha! This is delightful!" laughed Woodridge; "we shall be antagonists. A Montague and a Capulet.—Our smelting furnaces are near Shipley, Doctor, as you may know, and I, like yourself, have been asked to play."

"I see nothing in the subject to provoke such hilarity," said the Doctor, with extraordinary stiffness, "unless"—his manner hardening as he went on—"unless you would like to make it a Montague and Capulet affair in right down earnest."

"Agreed," promptly replied Woodridge, slightly nettled at the Doctor's tone; "nothing would give me greater pleasure: my score beats yours—for a pony."

"For a hundred if you choose!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"For a hundred be it, then," quietly replied Woodridge, and the bet was booked.

"I think if we might now rejoin Miss Wilson," suggested the host, who had a holy horror of all kinds of gambling, short whist at shilling points excepted.

"Immediately, Mr. Wilson," said the Doctor. "How are we to decide? On the match, if it be played out; on the first innings if it be drawn?"

"Precisely," replied Woodridge. "And now, if you please, Mr. Wilson, we will join Kate."

"Kate!" muttered the Doctor, with set teeth. "How ready he has got her name. He could not use it more familiarly if he were her brother or her—." Clearly our hero was in a bad way.

The rest of the evening passed like a dream, so far as he was concerned. Old Wilson droned out his platitudes about the bad state of trade, the foreign policy of the country, the parish rates, and similar lively topics, until the Doctor, through making believe to listen, fell into a state of coma, and the other inhabitants of the room seemed miles away. He had a dim consciousness after he had bidden some mechanical adieu, and was thundering along the road to Heatherthorp with the cold night wind blowing upon his face, that Kate's manner had been chillily distant; that Woodridge had treated him with intolerable hauteur; and that he, Arthur Basinghall Sutton, was a well-developed fool.

Kelpie's coat steamed like the witches' caldron in "Macbeth" when the Doctor reached home. Throwing the reins to Crisp, he said to that patient functionary—

"Do up the horse smartly, Mat, and then come to me."

"All right, Mr. Arthur," replied Matthew, wondering what the deuce was in the wind.

In half an hour the pair were closeted together, and ten minutes subsequently Matthew was crossing the yard with a lantern, to his dormitory over the stable.

"Whew!" he whistled, prolonging the note in a most expres-

sive manner. "What can the boy be drivin' at? I've touted a hoss in my time, but never a cricketer. Never mind, I'll do it."

That night Doctor Sutton dreamt that he was playing a brilliant innings, and had but a single run to obtain to win his wager, when, putting "one up," it was taken by Kate Wilson, who was fielding point!

[To be continued.]

## THE MAGISTRATES' LITTLE MISTAKE.

## A SOUTH COUNTRY DITTY.

After Barham—(some distance.)

THE magistrates down at old Bristol

Have heads, sir, as clear as a crystal,

But strange 'tis to say!

That the other (fine) day

They made a mistake at old Bristol.

For they cropped a man's head

(At least so it is said),

And clapped him in durance most vile, sir.

After which they found out

That the luckless young lout

Was a good man, and true, all the while, sir.

Chorus—The magistrates down at old Bristol, &c.

For the jury (called grand,

Why—I don't understand)

Had ignored the small bill against Lewis;

And the magistrate's clerk,

Who had kept it all dark,

Will be wished at the Isthmus of Suez.

Chorus—The magistrates down at old Bristol, &c.

For the poor injured youth,

Is much angered, in sooth;

And now that he's out of the hole, sir,

He calls them hard names,

And damages claims,

For the hair that they cut from his poll, sir.

Chorus—The magistrates down at old Bristol, &c.

A man does look silly

Who's *polled* billy-nilly,

In these days of Ballot and School Board;

And he's to be pitied

Who's made—though acquitted—

Pick oakum, and lie on a cool-board.

Chorus—The magistrates down at old Bristol

Have heads, sir, as clear as a crystal,

But I shall take care

That I don't go down there

When the sessions are on at old Bristol.

MR. SAM HAGUE has converted his pleasant little Liverpool skating rink into a drawing-room for his famous entertainment, which was opened with great success.

MR. W. E. ATKINS, of Southsea, has just completed a painting of H.M.S. Serapis entering Portsmouth Harbour on her return from India, for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. This forms a companion to one purchased by H.R.H. last autumn, "The Serapis entering the waters of the Solent," executed by the same artist.

MR. HOWARD PAUL, assisted by a company of "Entertainers," are giving performances, with great success, at the King's-road Skating Rink, Brighton, in which an elegant *salle* has been arranged for their reception.

THE TYCOON TROUPE OF JAPANESE, at present one of the most prominent attractions of Cooke's Circus—which extensive establishment is temporarily located in Manchester—are marvels of skill in the various departments of their art. One of our staff who recently paid a visit to this admirable Circus, speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the Japanese. It is seldom that the promise of a hyperbolic bill of the play is so thoroughly borne out by performance as is the case in respect of these "Oriental marvels, cunning magicians, mid-air walkers, gymnasts, equilibrists, acrobats, and contortionists."

CHEESEMONGERS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—Mr. Peacock has again undertaken the sole management of the annual concert, which as heretofore will be given at the Albert Hall in aid of the Cheesemongers' Benevolent Institution. No doubt is entertained of the pecuniary result of Mr. Peacock's paternally despotic control of this important entertainment. Thanks chiefly to his untiring exertions in the good cause, last year's concert at the same place yielded to the fund of the institution a sum of upwards of eleven hundred pounds.

WE have received from Mr. W. Abbott, of 10, Tokenhouse-yard, two interesting documents printed in such a form that they can be mounted and framed so as to be hung up for constant reference in the counting-house of the merchant, or in the study of the private gentleman. It is indeed truly astonishing how Mr. Abbott has been able to compress so much information into such a small compass. In fact all that can, up to the present, be said in respect to Submarine Telegraphy, whether it be considered from a geographical point of view, or else in its financial aspect, is here detailed, nay we have even here the names of those gentlemen, whether they be directors or trustees, by whom the whole system is administered. First there is a chart which at once exhibits the distribution of submarine cables all over the world, showing the connection of each with the adjoining land lines. Here, as an instruction to the customers of the several companies there is on the face of the map an index of the several terminal stations, the distance of each from the General Post Office, the time a message occupies between the two points being set forth in a tabular form. Turning from the map, which is elegantly embellished, we take up the second broad sheet, which Mr. Abbott calls an "Analysis of the Submarine Companies of the World," and the financial information here given is as complete and interesting as that geographically furnished by the document we have been just considering. Here the inventor is furnished with the rates of dividend—the periods of payment being specified—paid by each company in each of the last three years, so that he may form his own opinion of the propriety of investing in its stock, uninfluenced by either bull or bear. As a further help to his making this independent judgment he is furnished with the amount and nature of the capital embarked in each enterprise, the amount of the gross receipts, the working expenses, and the cost of repair for the financial year ended June 30, 1876. Where there is a reserve fund it, too, is stated. Fuller information, we repeat, could not be compressed within the same space.

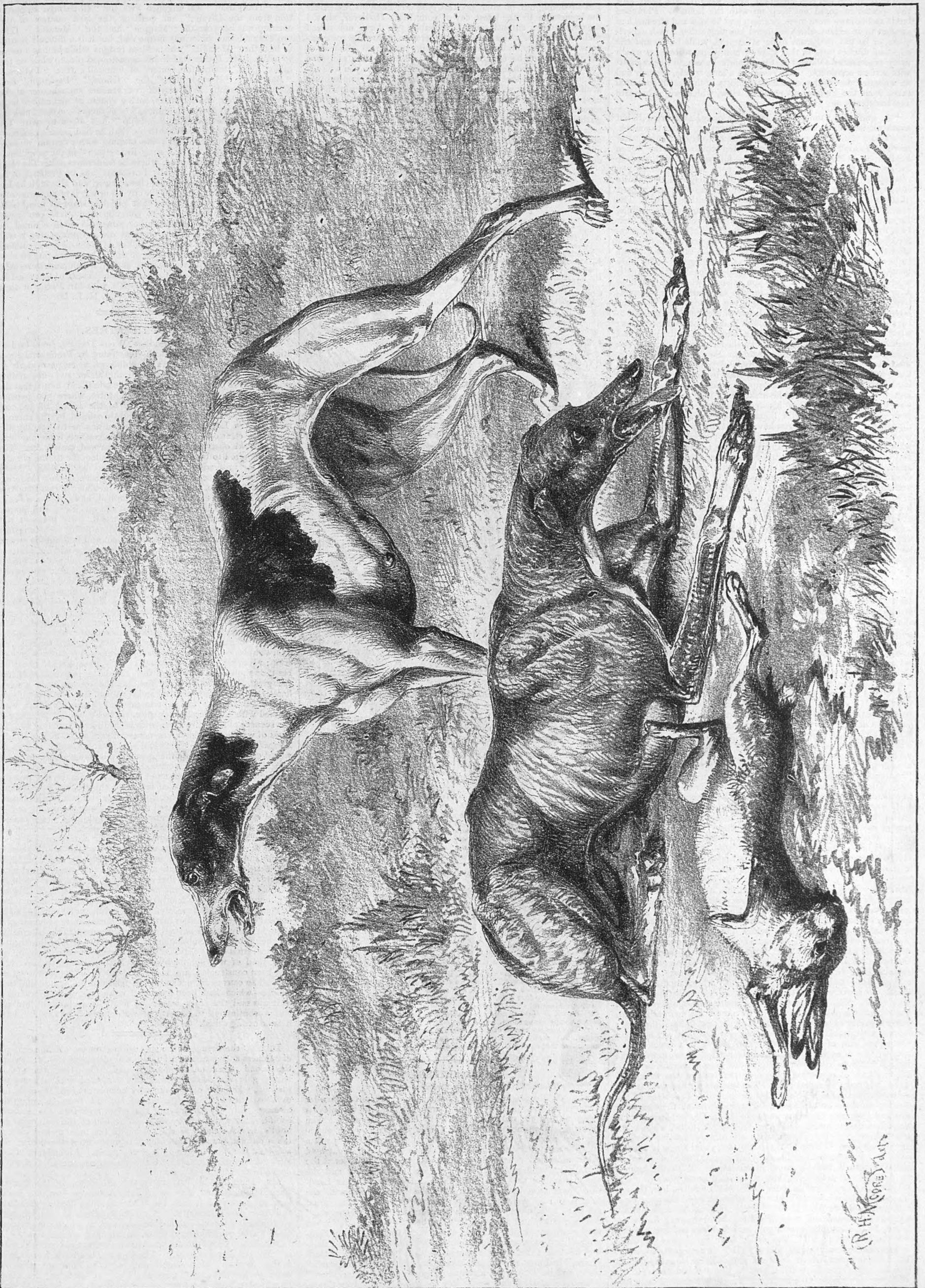
LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill London.—[ADVT.]





THE LOST HOUND.





"PUMPED OUT."

(R.H.K. COPELAND)



DURING THE FLOODS.

THE recent floods rendered hunting almost an impossibility. The state of the soil was such that horses sank fetlock deep, and the sportsmen could not keep up with the hounds. Ploughed lands and fallows were mere swamps, and brooks and streams had swollen to an extent which rendered jumping either a rash experiment, or far too dangerous to be attempted, while banks and the edges of ditches were in that state of crumbling rottenness which every experienced follower of the hounds knows to be pregnant with serious accidents. The *Times*, in a long article, recently had an animated description of the discomforts of the recent continual rains, from the huntsman's point of view, which we abbreviate and transfer to our pages:—

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky" may be all very well, but south-westerly gales and intermittent deluges are rather too much. It is a sore trial to the patience and temper to rise morning after morning to look out through the fretted windows on the frozen landscape; to know that your horses, full of oats and fire, are eating their heads off at rack and manger; and that, for all you can tell, for a month to come the ground may be like asphalt strewn with ploughshares. But, after all, the best and biggest of studs is none the worse for an occasional breathing-space. The master returns with redoubled zest to his interrupted sport; while, for men of moderate means and immoderate energy, with their two, four, or half-dozen of horses, these times of involuntary refreshing are merciful dispensations of Providence. The first day after the frost, when "the hounds meet at the Kennels," is one to be remembered, should the scent and the going prove fairly good, for the bare gallop is so thoroughly enjoyable that a kill is a secondary consideration. As you emerge from the hall door after breakfast, you inhale with intense satisfaction the comparatively balmy breeze. What though the steady drip from the boughs of the trees on the broad leaves of the laurels in the shrubberies would sound cheerless enough in different circumstances; what though a melancholy haze be hanging over the park, and making the scattered thorns look like shrouded spectres; you rise superior to these material disagreeables. So does the cover-hack, who has been whinnying impatiently, and pawing ugly holes in the gravel. He is so eager to be off and in action, that he will hardly let you put a foot in stirrup, and when the groom gives him his head, the first use he makes of it is to throw it back in your face, while he arches his back like an Australian buck-jumper, and takes a playful bound into the air. How freely he throws out his legs when you have taken the edge off his keenness with a bit of a breather, and how cheery and sociable everybody is whom you chance to fall in with on your way to the meet. . . . But in a season like the present you have nothing of the kind, and a day like that is a thing to be wistfully remembered. . . . Casualties and complaints are excessive. The sportsman hears of nothing but strains and sprains, of coughs and colds and chest affections. When he goes into the stables to judge for himself, his eyes are grieved with carefully-swathed bandages, and his ears are greeted by a chorus of coughing. His special favourites are sure to be on the sick list; as the sound animals have to do additional work, their average condition unmistakably deteriorates, so that he can swear with a safe conscience he was never so miserably mounted. As for the man who is his own stud groom, his few horses are of the useful stamp; he knows exactly what they ought to do, and he has no notion of coddling malades imaginaires. But the most honest horseflesh and thoroughbred blood is only equal to a certain amount of exertion, and his stable sensibly begins to succumb. . . . Another wet day with the hounds, after so long a continuance of relentless rains, is a more than doubtful pleasure, and various circumstances that are trivial in themselves conspire to make his routine most depressing. The servant who brings in the hot water brings the same monotonous weather report of heavy rain through the night, with a promise of more to follow. He has to dress in a dim light to the sombre symphony of the drip on the window panes, and he looks out between times on a thickening drizzle. His various hunting suits begin to shrink with the perpetual drenching and drying, and, in spite of the ingenious preparations of science, there is a disagreeable stiffness about his boots as he drags them on. The spirit of the hack evaporated weeks ago, and now he stands sullenly awaiting his master with drooping crest and tucked in tail. . . . The very hounds are clustered round the huntsman and whips, as if they would like to crawl inside their houses and curl themselves comfortably up. When the signal is given for the coverside the move is made in solemn silence. There is grumbling and some little swearing, to be sure, as the open files close in to draw themselves out in the narrow lane, and when the mud and water begin to fly in filthy spray as the horses set down their feet in the puddles. But there is very little of a crowd, as you see, when the field is spreading itself out on the skirts of the cover. But, while we are looking about us and taking stock of the meet, a wave of the huntsman's hand has sent the hounds into the cover, and they, at least, have by this time shaken off their lethargy. They have hit off a scent, too, as it would seem from that single note, which swells by degrees into a burst of melody, and if the fox be really at home, as they believe, it is high time he were bestirring himself. . . . The fox is a soft going gentleman, who picks his steps like a cat, prides himself on the irreproachable purity of his fur, and detests water in all shapes, except for drinking in moderation. And now, before he has gone a mile in the open, his pads are clogged and his brush bedraggled; he is carrying a weight of caking mud that must ultimately tell on him; nor has he a chance of refuge in the familiar drains, since every one of them is running like a millstream. . . . The splash, plash under the hoofs of the charging squadron already sounds ominous of what is to come. As you gather your horse together to send him at the ox-fence that follows, there is a certain undefinable tremor under your seat that tells you he is not altogether sure of the take-off. You give him a touch of the spur by way of encouragement and clear it somehow, topping the rail; but it may have been owing to the greasy ground, or possibly to a lack of resolution in riding, that one of the first half-dozen has come to signal grief. The jumping, that was at first only awkward, soon begins to be dangerous. The state of the country is telling on the horses. The meadows at their best are soft and slippery; the lower parts are more like confirmed snipe bogs than the splendid galloping they ought to be, while as for the fallows and the plough they are simply holding sloughs of abomination. Even on the former your horse is sinking over the fetlocks, while in the latter each one of the furrows is turned into a canal in miniature. With the hounds in full cry and a field in hot chase any horse that is worth his corn and hay is sure to put a strain on his powers, but, though his courage may keep up his heart, the ground and the pace must tell on him physically. If he is good to go at his fences at all, he rises with more and more of effort; when you play follow my leader in a scramble over a gap, you feel legs and loins giving way beneath you; while sooner or later comes the inevitable water-jumping, unless you mean to be thrown out altogether. Each little stream is down in flood, and there is no getting up an impetus when you have to approach the obstacle through the shallows of a lake. One bank may be vaguely marked by a row of pollards, but the line of the other is matter of guesswork. Even if you are waiting for some one who is giving you a lead,

your horse may take off backwardly, or jump short, or, possibly refusing, all of a sudden may shoot ungracefully forward for a header. In any case, even if you have slipped yourself clear of him, when you emerge, with water gurgling in your boots and streaming out of your pockets, you are likely to remember the immersion to the latest day of your life. However, should sagacity temper enthusiasm, it is probable you have not risked such an accident. You have chosen between following some experienced skitterers on the chance of having occasional glimpses of the chase, or you have "concluded" to pull up in time and save your mount for another day, in either of which cases you will admit, on reflection, that you had much better not have gone hunting at all. Possibly you will have arrived at the same conclusion if you have ridden your willing beast to a standstill, and have ruefully regarded his sobbing chest and heaving flanks as you slacked the girths and overwhelmed him with tardy attentions. Then, whatever the result of the day, whether it has ended in disappointment or seen you at the death, there is the dreary ride to regain your quarters in the damp and the darkness, or, perhaps, in a storm of wind and rain.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. W. (Newport).—You can obtain a copy of Wormald's "Chess Openings" from W. W. Morgan, 67, Barbican, E.C.  
H. L. (May-Fair).—The St. George's Chess Club, Palace Chambers, St. James's-street, would suit you best. Apply to the Secretary, Mr. J. I. Minchin.  
J. DOBSON (Pembrey).—Your problem admits of an easy solution in two moves.  
H. F. (Kimbolton).—Morphy, undoubtedly. The players named are mere plodders, in comparison.  
Correct Solutions of Problem No. 127 received from Cantharikocho, Pepper's Ghost, J. Byng, H. Lee, J. Wontone, H. C. S., and Triton.

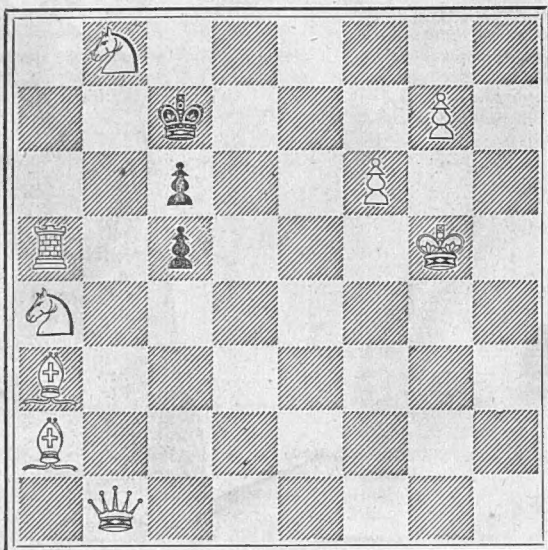
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 127.

- |                       |           |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| WHITE.                | BLACK.    |
| 1. Kt takes P at Q 3  | Any move. |
| 2. Mates accordingly. |           |

PROBLEM NO. 129.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Two lively skirmishes played lately at the Divan, between skilful amateurs.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| WHITE (Mr. F. S. ENSOR) BLACK (Mr. P.) | WHITE (Mr. F. S. ENSOR) BLACK (Mr. P.) |
| 1. P to K 4                            | 9. B to K R 3 (c) Kt to Q Kt 5 (ch)    |
| 2. P to K B 4                          | 10. K to Q B 4 P to Q Kt 4 (ch)        |
| 3. P to Q 4 (a)                        | 11. K to Q Kt 3 K to Q 3               |
| 4. K to K 4                            | 12. Q to K 2 (ch) B to K 2             |
| 5. P takes P                           | 13. Q Kt to Kt P (ch) P to Q B 3       |
| 6. Kt to K B 3                         | 14. P takes P Kt takes P (d)           |
| 7. P takes B                           | 15. Q B Kt P at K B 5 Q to K B 3       |
| 8. K to Q 3                            | 16. P to Q 5 and wins.                 |

- (a) A pleasant digression from the used-up gambit openings.  
(b) We should have preferred Kt to Q 2 with the object of casting Q R.  
(c) Very well played. Having now paralysed the right and left flanks of black's army, he can easily and securely await the fiery onslaught of the puny forces arrayed against his King.  
(d) R to Q Kt sq is better.

- |                                  |  |
|----------------------------------|--|
| WHITE (Mr. HIBER) BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. HIBER) BLACK (Mr. M.)       |
| 1. P to K 4                      | 12. B to K Kt 5 B to K Kt 5 (b)        |
| 2. P to K B 4                    | 13. Q to Q 2 P to K R 3                |
| 3. Kt to K B 3                   | 14. B takes K R P (c) Kt takes K P (d) |
| 4. P to Q B 3                    | 15. P takes Kt P takes B               |
| 5. B to Q B 4                    | 16. Q takes Q R takes Q                |
| 6. P to Q 3                      | 17. Kt to Q 2 B to K 6 (e)             |
| 7. P to Q Kt 4                   | 18. Kt to B Square B to K B 5 (f)      |
| 8. P to Q R 4                    | 19. P to K R 3 B to K R 4              |
| 9. P to R 5                      | 20. P to K R 4 R to Q 2                |
| 10. P takes P                    | 21. P to K Kt 3 B to K B 6             |
| 11. Kt takes Kt                  | 22. R to K Kt sq Resigns.              |

- (a) The accredited move is B to K Kt 5.  
(b) Extremely clever. If white now takes Kt with B, then Q takes B, threatening to check with Q at K B 7, and win the Q R.  
(c) With an evident determination to make the game as lively as possible.  
(d) An admirable counter-stroke.  
(e) B to K B 7 (ch) would have enabled him to double his Rooks, and to obtain a superior position.  
(f) This move seems to exercise a very constraining influence upon white's pieces, but really affords him an opportunity of executing a skilful manoeuvre that results in disaster to black.

CITY CHESS.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Will you allow me to call attention to one of the peculiar customs in the Chess-world at Purcell's, most of the players being altogether unknown by their ordinary names? The following is an account of an evening's play:—On entering the room, I found "His Lordship," with his private chess-board, anxiously looking out for a client, and engaged in an animated conversation with his brother professional the "Magpie," the subject being the lack of business and the unremunerative nature of what little there was. "His Lordship" was soon hard at work with the "Gentleman with the White Coat," enlivening the proceedings with his usual facetious criticisms as the game progressed. The "Kangaroo" next appeared, and was soon followed by the "Leviathan," when they commenced play. After a stubborn contest, the "Kangaroo" had to succumb to his more dashing opponent, and finding he had a headache declined another game. The "Dark Horse" had now arrived, and at once occupied the "Kangaroo's" chair, and he in turn lost a couple of games to the "Leviathan," who now departed, and made way for the "Bermondsey Champion." In the second game (the first was a draw) the "Bermondsey Champion" announced mate in nine moves, but by

a dexterous sacrifice of a piece the "Dark Horse" won the game, protesting at the same time that the "Bermondsey Champion" could give him pawn and move. This remark, judging by the games played, seemed almost an approach to mock humility. The "Hungarian" was engaged with the "Ill-natured Importation from the Divan," but perhaps the best contest of the evening was between the "Magpie" and the "Metallic." The professional was victorious in the end, but it is a difficult matter to beat the "Metallic," who seldom resigns while he has a move to make. Mr. Potter was in his accustomed place, while on the other hand, many frequenters of Purcell's (the "Python," "Bacchus," "Houndsditch," the "Ghost," "Pecksniff," &c., &c.) were absent. Will any of your readers say whether at the Divan, or other chess centres, such a system of nicknames is in vogue, and if so give some description of them? After finishing his first opponent, "His Lordship" had a set-to with the "P. F. G.," and he confided to me that he had been so successful that he intended to finish the evening with a certain number of "fours of Irish hot" at a snug little "pub" in the neighbourhood of the Kingsland-road, where he sometimes takes the chair on a Saturday evening. "His Lordship" has no pretence to be in the first rank as a professional chess-player, and although he has been a teacher of the game in the city for upwards of a quarter of a century has altogether escaped that peculiar state of mind (self-esteem, superciliousness, &c.) so common among the professors, nor does he affect the intellectual power so often claimed by them. He remains a cheery, pleasant old personage, and is well worthy of a place in a portrait gallery of chess-players. Before concluding, might I suggest that it would be interesting to have a match between the frequenters of the Divan and those who make Purcell's their head quarters—professionals to be excluded. Half-a-dozen of the best from Purcell's, with Mr. Potter at their head, would be no mean antagonists.—M. H. L. D.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

ON Saturday last, at the Sadlers' Wells Theatre, some explanations were given and practically illustrated by Professor Pepper as to the prevention of fires in buildings, more particularly in theatres. Mr. Pepper referred to the alarm and uncertainty existing at the present time in the public mind, and hoped that the recent catastrophe at the Brooklyn Theatre, where 300 persons lost their lives might lead hereafter to the saving of 300,000. The public, he thought, were but slightly calmed by the enforcement of the Lord Chamberlain's directions as to keeping the gangways clear of chairs, and the entrances free from anything which could obstruct the exit of an alarmed crowd, &c. The public required to be certain that means adequate to the circumstances for protecting them from fire had been taken. Many suggestions had been made for protecting scenery and rendering it non-inflammable, such as steeping it in alum, borax, tungstate of soda, &c.; but each and all of these had, more or less, a drawback. By alum the canvas was rotted and quickly fell to pieces, therefore the management would not use it. By borax it was rendered incombustible only up to a certain point. By tungstate of soda its incombustibility was increased, and without fire around it and feeding its fierceness, canvas so prepared would not continue burning. Mr. Pepper now believed he had achieved a further step in the right direction, and his proposal was that canvas and cloth and stage scenery generally possible to be so treated, should be prepared with a solution of phosphate of ammonia, size, and gelatine. He believed that managers of theatres would find that all the ill consequences which other preparations had been found to carry with them would, in this instance be avoided. The lecturer illustrated by experiments the respective values of the four processes mentioned. Over a fire of "tow," lighted by spirit, he held samples of canvas, stretched on frames, prepared with,—1, alum; 2, borax; 3, tungstate of soda; and 4, phosphate of ammonia. He thus showed to all present that the latter preparation offered the greatest protection from fire, for the canvas, with a fierce flame beneath it, only charred and remained intact as stretched to the wooden frame. The experiments and the results shown were greeted with considerable applause. Thus much for the safety of the scenery of a theatre; but, with regard to the building and the mass of woodwork which was necessarily used in fitting it, Mr. Pepper said that an invention had been patented which he thought would offer to the public the greatest possible security from fire extending, if it should unfortunately happen. The invention, as explained, appeared to consist of a series of pipes, served from the main running around the roof inside the theatre, and in columns, in all corners of the building, both before and behind the scenes. The pipes would be perforated and those along the ceiling or roof would meet in a common centre. This would also be perforated, and resemble the "rose" of a garden water-pot. On a recognized signal of alarm from the stage the man in charge of the pipes would draw the main, and as every portion of the building would at one and the same time, and continuously, be freely watered, Mr. Pepper, had no hesitation in saying that more actual good towards extinguishing a fire or arresting its progress would be effected by this than by any means which had yet been devised. He thought the Lord Chamberlain's proceedings had been taken in mercy for the public safety, but the public mind required to be calmed by the knowledge that the best means were at hand. He thought they would not mind being wetted when the alternative was being burnt. Subsequently in the court-yard of the theatre an illustration of the action of the proposed patent was given. A large shed of wood and canvas (the latter prepared to resist fire) had been constructed, and in this a quantity of straw was set on fire. The canvas did not burn, but fell into the flames, and then a hose—which had been fixed and connected with pipes made as it was said the pipes would be made—was brought into use and a continuous "shower" of water played on the fire until it was extinguished.

DURING the voyage of the steamship Roman, "A fine example of coolness and presence of mind was displayed by Mr. Pybus, the second officer, on the passage out. On November 15th, a strong gale was blowing from the westward, with a heavy sea running, when one of the ordinary seamen, named Hiscock, fell overboard from the bridge, where he had been fastening the awning. Mr. Pybus was on the poop, and with the greatest coolness, threw a life buoy within a few feet of the man, who got hold of it. A boat was then lowered, the man picked up and taken on board, and within fifteen minutes from the time of the accident, the Roman was on her way again. An incident of this kind goes a long way to make the passengers, and all, feel confidence in the officers of a ship."

MR. FRED J. ENGELHARDT, the proprietor of the Central Park Riding School, has secured the American Institute building, and converted it into the "Metropolitan Riding Academy and American Tattersall's." A special feature of Mr. Englehardt's enterprise is a weekly public entertainment, at which competitions of all kinds, wrestling, and other athletic feats are promised.

MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD announces that the Gaiety Theatre is "more or less fireproof." The Gaiety Theatre is not singular in that respect. Most establishments of the kind are generally more or less fire-proof, generally less. In addition, Mr. Hollingshead tells us there are two stage-exits in his house, through one of which a stage-coach might be driven. May not this be a hint for the philologists?—Yorick.



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